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JOHN STRACHEY on "Change is Our Ally"

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# The Meaning of Delhi and Washington

For the first time in modern history the conclave of two Asian statesmen has matched in importance that of two Occidentals. The communiqués from both Delhi and Washington are, not unexpectedly, a string of platitudes. But much may be gathered about the substance of the talks. Mr. Nehru and Mr. Chou met as the heads of the greatest Asian Powers who had not before had a chance to know each other's minds. Mr. Chou congratulated India on her work for peace in Indo-China and Korea and admitted the advantages of her membership of the British Commonwealth. Mr. Nehru, as champion of a policy of "non-involvement" for South-East Asia, was eager for Mr. Chou to relieve his smaller neighbours of their fears of Chinese expansionism. Mr. Chou's visit to the Burmese Premier, who had expressed such fears at the Colombo Conference, was therefore a significant sequel. China was prepared to recognise Laos and Cambodia (as well as Viet Nam) as independent States provided the French made with them a pact similar to that between India and Britain and, above all, provided that they permitted no hostile air bases on their territory.

In Washington Mr. Eisenhower and Sir Winston reaffirmed the Atlantic Charter in a new edition—one clause of which is tainted with the Dulles doctrine. Sir Winston has agreed that Britain will not be "a party to any arrangement or treaty which would confirm or prolong the unwilling subordination of formerly sovereign States now in bondage." As *The Times* remarked on Wednesday, the obvious application of this clause is not to mutual guarantees of an Indo-Chinese settlement (where no question of "confirming unwilling subordination" could arise) but to Eastern Europe. In his famous speech of May 11, 1953, Sir Winston had thrown out the idea of a "Locarno" pact to guarantee Eastern and Western Europe against aggression, an idea which Mr. Molotov found good enough to reshape into his own security plan. True, in its present form the Molotov Plan is unacceptable, but it is a grave setback that the British Government should say that it will reject any and every mutual security arrangement in Europe on the grounds that such treaties would confirm the subordination of, for instance, the Baltic States to Russian rule.

At first sight it is surprising that so much time was devoted in Washington to European problems. The explanation surely is that, in conversations designed to restore Anglo-American harmony, it was a natural temptation to concentrate on easy topics; and in the case of Europe agreement was not difficult to achieve. Ever since 1951, British policy in Europe has faithfully followed the usual American line. By asserting as roughly as Mr. Dulles that Western German rearmament is a *sine qua non* of Anglo-American policy, Mr. Eden, when he succeeded Mr. Morrison, excluded Britain from the role of mediator in Europe which he has won in South-East Asia and so helped to ensure the complete failure of the Berlin Conference. By staying outside E.D.C. and yet browbeating the French into joining it, he has surrendered to Dr. Adenauer and a renascent Western Germany a decisive influence on Europe's destiny.

The Washington communiqué and the six point charter are the logical climax of this tragic process. Whatever is achieved in South-East Asia, there is to be no pacification of Europe, now that Britain and America are firmly committed to a policy of dynamic containment. And if the French dislike this policy and say "No" to E.D.C., they are unambiguously informed that in that case other ways will be found to give the Federal Republic full sovereignty. Britain and the U.S. are blindly determined to equip the Western Germans with the military power which will enable Dr. Adenauer's successor—if not Dr. Adenauer himself—to set about the liberation of the Eastern Zone and the lost provinces by that German *Machtpolitik* which traditionally oscillates between the two extremes of a Russian rapprochement

and an anti-Russian crusade. These are terrible decisions.

In regard to South-East Asia, on the other hand, the results achieved at Washington are much more satisfactory, and Mr. Eden does not seem to have withdrawn from the position he outlined to the Commons a fortnight ago. Apparently British policy remains unchanged—to seek a settlement in Indo-China guaranteed by both sides, even if the word Locarno must be dropped in the description of it. The only modification revealed in the communiqué is an agreement to "push forward" with collective security in South-East Asia. Britain is now ready to begin technical discussions of S.E.A.T.O. *before* the end of the Geneva conference, instead of waiting until it is over; while the U.S., for her part, though still determined to make a settlement in Indo-China as difficult as possible, is prepared to let M. Mendès-France and Mr. Eden have one more try. In effect, this part of the conversations resulted in agreement to go on disagreeing. The U.S. will continue to deny the possibility of peaceful co-existence in the Pacific, while Britain and France continue to seek it at least for a few more weeks.

Viewing the talks as a whole, therefore, we can say that their short-term results—particularly as regards the Geneva Conference—are not too bad. Sir Winston and Mr. Eden have prevented the Americans from actually cutting the ground from under the feet of M. Mendès-France. But this single achievement should not blind us to the fact that Indo-China is a peripheral problem, and that the two central conditions of peaceful co-existence are the admission of China to the United Nations and the unification of Germany by negotiated agreement. On both these issues the American view has overwhelmingly prevailed. With China still an outlaw and Western Germany rearmed, the best we can hope for is a precarious avoidance of general war.

### Retreat in the Delta

Meanwhile, the process of "regrouping" French forces in Viet Nam, which appears already to be actively in train, is creating a tense situation. Not merely has An Khe, in the central plateau, been evacuated, thus leaving the Cambodian frontier still more exposed, but in the Red River Delta a withdrawal appears to be proceeding on a scale which is regarded locally as portending the abandonment of Hanoi itself. In a censored dispatch a correspondent of *Le Monde* describes the panic-stricken exodus of the civil population from towns in the south of the Delta, including both Nam Dinh and Phat Bien, and the spread, in Hanoi, of the feeling that "the game is up." The Viet Minh divisions in the Delta are apparently not undertaking any offensive; and the rumour is being spread that an agreement has been concluded by the French whereby the evacuation of Hanoi and a withdrawal to a small bridgehead round Haiphong will be permitted by the Viet Minh without interference. It looks as if a cease-fire may come into force in Viet Nam without waiting for any political settlement or even a formal "guaranteed" armistice.

### Setback for German Chancellor?

Dr. Adenauer's claim, that the results of the North Rhine-Westphalia elections are "a clear demonstration of support" for his policy, is unconvincing. In comparison with the Bundestag election in 1953 the Christian Democratic vote fell from 48.9 to 41.3, while that of the Social Democrats rose from 31.9 to 34.5 per cent. True, this was a Landtag election, and the poll was much lower than in the voting for the Bundestag last September; but the C.D.U. insisted that the regional vote must be a vote of confidence in Federal foreign policy. The electors cannot be said to have expressed great enthusiasm for the Chancellor's "European," pro-American line. In the new Landtag, Herr Arnold, whose C.D.U.-Centre coalition previously had 109 out of the 200 seats, is now in a difficulty. Although his own party, the Christian Democrats, secured 90 (against 93) seats, the Centre Party lost 7 of the 16 seats which they held in 1950, so that Herr Arnold's "little coalition" no longer has a majority. He might seek a coalition with the Social Democrats; but this would be a bitter pill for Dr. Adenauer. The alternative—an alliance with the reactionary Free Democrats, under pressure from the Chancellor—seems a more likely choice for Herr Arnold to make.

### Quick Peace in Guatemala

Ex-President Arbenz will have time in exile to ponder a lesson which he should have learned sooner: if the Government of a small country enacts liberal reforms which conflict with the interests of big business in a neighbouring Great Power, it should be careful to see that the higher ranks of its army are loyal. Last Friday, the Security Council finally decided by five votes to four, with Britain and France abstaining, not to accept on its agenda Guatemala's complaint that it had been the subject of aggression from Honduras, and to leave the "incident" of the invasion by General Armas's troops and air force in the hands of the U.S.-dominated Organisation of American States. This gave a green light for a military coup in Guatemala city: a Junta, led by a succession of Colonels, promptly deposed Arbenz, amnestied all rebels, outlawed the Communist-led Workers Party, and ended the bombing of Guatemala by "peace negotiations" with General Armas. The "incident" is closed, the decade of reform in Guatemala over. The way is now clear for the suppression of the trade unions (and probably the painful death of their Communist leaders), the repeal of all legislative nonsense about labour conditions and land settlement, and the restitution, in cash or kind, of nationalised land-owning "rights." Mr. Dulles can sleep undisturbed by fears of the "Communist threat" in Central America; the U.S. Ambassador in Guatemala, if he be so minded, can join his former colleague, Mr. Spruille Braden, on the Board of United Fruit.

A tidy solution, with only one ravelled end. Defending Britain's abstention in the Security Council voting, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd told Parliament on Monday that the U.N. Charter must, in each case of alleged aggression, be operated "in such a way as to produce peace as quickly as possible." Even from the lips of a Tory Minister, such a cynical disregard for the principles of international justice is shocking. "Peace reigns in Warsaw"—Mr. Lloyd echoes history; and his words will be remembered, no less than Mr. Cabot Lodge's "hands off this Hemisphere" warning. There can be an Asian as well as an American sphere of influence, where the writ of the U.N., on the logic of this argument, has no moral force.

### No Pairs

In another column Mr. Wilfred Fienburgh, himself a Labour M.P., gives a vivid and candid account of the reaction of the Parliamentary Labour Party to the Government's refusal to increase M.P.s' salaries. With much of what he writes we agree. In surrendering to the 1922 Committee when he believed them to be wrong, Sir Winston Churchill has shown less political courage than we should have given him credit for. In ignoring the substantial majority for the increase, secured on a free vote of the House, the Government has done some affront to normal Commons usage. Mr. Fienburgh is right in saying that the effect of the Government's decision is to make it harder for men and women without comfortable means to serve in Parliament; and it is equally true that most of the newfound Tory concern for old age pensioners is humbug. But none of this justifies the petulant attitude of Labour Members during the last week; and we cannot agree with Mr. Fienburgh in writing that off as a personal matter between Members, of no political consequence. If the Labour Party declares total war over this issue and fails (as is quite likely) to sustain it for more than a few weeks, it both makes itself look foolish and renders useless for the future a most formidable and legitimate Parliamentary weapon, which hitherto it has always held in reserve. If, on the other hand, it sticks to its purpose, the inevitable result must be to force an early election. Is this what the Party wants? Certainly we can find no evidence that the constituency workers are anxious to fight on this issue. The danger which is facing the Parliamentary Party is that it may be lured by perfectly legitimate indignation into a position where its enemies can claim (and its friends in the constituencies half-believe) that it has been roused to action by disappointment over its wage-claim, when for the past two years it has allowed the Government to jog along pretty comfortably despite the troubles of the old age pensioners or the growing menace of the outside world.

### Is This Socialism?

"There will, I am sure, be many objectors to the new programme outlined in this pamphlet. Some who regard themselves as Socialist will object to it on the ground that it is bad electioneering. To them I answer that I do not care if it is—for the time being. I am a Socialist and a believer that Socialism means, above all else, a classless society. I am not in the least interested in helping the Labour Party to win a majority in Parliament, unless it means to use its majority for advancing as fast as is practicable towards such a society." With these pungent words, G. D. H. Cole sums up his admirable new pamphlet *Is This Socialism?* (NEW STATESMAN, 1s.).

Professor Cole has done a great service to British Socialism by using his vast experience of working class politics and economics to review the Welfare State and assess the progress towards Socialism achieved by the post-war Labour Governments. He concludes that apart from local and specific failures, such as, for instance, wasteful use of manpower, the principal defects of the Welfare State (and what distinguishes it from Socialism) are its failure to make any very effective assault on the inequalities—social, economic, and educational—of capitalist society, and its failure to diffuse economic and managerial responsibility among the workers. This vigorous pamphlet, with its implicit criticism of the technocrats, will certainly cause controversy in the Labour Movement: it will also be deservedly widely read.

## WESTMINSTER

### Nepotism and the Salary War

Labour Members are angry, worried and uneasy at the latest stage in the salary war. In this matter Sir Winston Churchill, new member of one of the ancient orders of knightly chivalry, has shown himself to be a man of lesser courage than Stanley Baldwin or Neville Chamberlain. Upon a technical quibble he has rejected the massive majority of the House of Commons which was in favour of the straight increase of £500 a year. He has done this on the demand of a group of wealthy back-benchers, some of whom, it is reported, have in the past turned down junior Ministerial office rather than be deprived of their directorships. These people would, incidentally, gain more from the expense allowance they put forward as an alternative, than from a taxed salary increase. Labour's reaction, conceived in blazing fury at this cynicism, has been to call an end to the ordinary Parliamentary courtesies. If the Tories will not allow a decent living to the full-time members on whom Parliament depends, Labour will not help them to be part-timers by pairing so that they may earn a living elsewhere. This is not an exhibition of foot-stamping pique from children robbed of a sweetmeat. The point at issue is not a *douceur* which members would like to have because it is better to receive more money than not. The issue is whether or not people without other incomes are to be enabled to stay in Parliament. Members who are being forced into debt want to lash out, perhaps blindly, at those responsible. This is, of course, the immediate explosive reaction. The next stage is consideration by the Party of an amendment to Standing Orders which, as I write, contain no provisions about pairing. It seems unlikely that the amendment will do more than make it a matter of discipline that a Member should seek his Whip's permission before pairing.

Inevitably, the natural resentment of Labour Members at the triumph of the 1922 Committee is magnified when the old age pensioners are piously offered as an excuse by men who often spend more in a day's junketing than many old people can in a month's eating. Will the 1922 Committee now be willing to use the power it has demonstrated that it possesses to demand immediate justice for the pensioners? If it does, I'll guarantee it Labour support. But why, some people ask, did not Labour Members declare the same total war on behalf of the old age pensioners? To ask this is to assume that the no-pairing war is going to force a change of policy. If such a simple tactic were so potent, it would have been used already on behalf of the pensioners, or to force a General Election. But most Labour Members do not expect to shift the Government an inch. They intend, merely, to make Parliamentary life earnest and full-time for those who have robbed them of a tolerable living. Apart from the assertion of the poor man's right to be in Parliament, there are no politics in this. It is strictly personal.

I was too sweeping last week in describing the staffing of the House of Commons as the product of nepotism. More detailed study of the Report of the Select Committee on House of Commons Accommodation discloses, to be sure, some anomalies and anachronisms. In the Serjeant at Arms Department, there are nine ex-Servicemen from the King's Royal Rifle Corps to one from the Rifle Brigade. It could be argued that a reversal of these figures would be more consonant with the merits of the two regiments. But then I served with the Rifle Brigade, while the Serjeant at Arms comes from the King's Royal Rifle Corps. There is the fact that a few members of the staff are related to other members of the staff, that there is no qualified librarian, and that one officer of the House is the chairman of an outside business. But the wonder is not that an odd case of questionable practice can be spotted, but that there are not more. For the administration of the House is a relic of antiquity. On balance, the officers have operated a system, which was evolved in the corruption of past centuries, in a manner which reflects more their own high integrity than the merit of the procedures laid down. This is no reason, however, why the administration of the palace of Westminster should not now be brought up at least to the level of a good local authority. The House has not seriously studied its own anatomy since, over a hundred years ago, Joseph Hume put an end to the practice under which the Speaker was presented each session with a new piece of gold plate, which he obtained by selling back to himself, at the public expense, the plate presented in the previous session. Since those days, both standards of practice and the work of the Commons have changed. A new look was timely. It is to be hoped that the running of the Commons will now be placed in the hands of a Commission which includes a majority of back-benchers. What, after all, could be more ridiculous than that the consent of a heriditary court official should have to be obtained before, for instance, a new washroom can be provided for lady Members?

WILFRED FIENBURGH

## PARIS

### Search for E.D.C. Compromise

*Our Paris Correspondent writes:* Various diplomatic feelers, put out from both Bonn and Brussels, to get the new French Government to take a definite stand on E.D.C., have so far failed in their object. In his investiture speech, M. Mendès-France made it clear that he would refuse to commit his Government until an attempt had been made to unite the two opposing camps of French opinion around a compromise; and that, in any case, the absolute priority accorded to a settlement in Indo-China made it unlikely that a policy would emerge before July 20. He has since stuck, firmly but politely, to his guns. Last week he refused a Belgian offer to attend a conference of the six signatory powers in Brussels this week-end. He agreed to receive M. Spaak in Paris on Wednesday, and also to dispatch M. Guérin de Beaumont, the Under-secretary for Foreign Affairs, to Bonn for conversations with Dr. Adenauer. But such talks were on an "exchange of views" basis. The really important work is being done in Paris, where M. Bourgès-Manoury, on behalf of the "European" wing of the Cabinet, and General Koenig are trying to reach agreement on a compromise solution which will then be submitted to the cabinet. The phrase *solution de réchange*, in fact, is very much in the air. The change of mood has affected even the M.R.P. Faced with M. Mendès-France's popular success, their intransigence has yielded place to hesitation. They are no longer clamouring for a dissolution.

Meanwhile, M. Guy Mollet is pursuing his war of attrition against the anti-E.D.C. Socialists. In the early hours of last Thursday morning, MM. Moch, Naegelen, Bouhey, Lacoste and Montel were "suspended from exercising their Socialist mandate" until the next general elections, for voting the anti-E.D.C. report in the Assembly Foreign Affairs Commission. This punishment was noticeably less severe than that inflicted on MM. Rosenfeld and Gorse two weeks ago, but it was sufficient to draw a strong protest from the Socialist Federation of the Seine, which met last week-end. The rise in the anti-E.D.C. vote (from 51 to 61 per cent.) since the federation last met in May was interpreted as a sign of growing hostility against the disciplining of distinguished Socialist leaders on a matter which does not affect fundamental Party policy. The annual Party congress, which begins this Thursday, promises to be stormy.

## NEW YORK

### U.S. Trade Policy

*Our American Correspondent writes:* President Eisenhower abandoned the struggle for a liberal world trade programme even before it had begun. Only a Senate group of Democrats have put up any sort of fight. In a message to Congress last March, following the report of the Randall Commission, the President asked for a three-year extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, with authority to lower tariffs on a selective basis by an additional 15 per cent. below the previous limits binding him and at the rate of 5 per cent. each year. Then, later, he gratuitously informed Congress that he would be willing to accept a simple one-year extension this year without any amendments. He let it be known that he would then expect early action on his general liberalisation programme next year. It is this sort of approach that Adlai Stevenson has typified as "government by postponement."

There is, of course, a strong protectionist element in the Republican Party and the White House shrinks from alienating it. But Senate Democrats, led by Senator Albert Gore, of Tennessee, and including Senator Lyndon B. Johnson, of Texas, Minority Leader, were prepared to attach the whole of the President's trade programme to an omnibus tax reform Bill when it reached the Senate. This was the opportunity for the Administration to push through its programme if it really wanted to. There are enough liberal Republicans in the Senate who, if urged by the White House, would have joined with the Democrats on this issue and thus given it a fighting chance of success. But the Eisenhower Administration was apparently lacking in courage.

Senator Gore's move was not entirely in vain. A one-year extension went through, but ever since the Democrats showed fight, there has been no more mention of a previous protectionist proviso that the President should undertake, if the extension were to be enacted, that he would not exercise his tariff-adjustment powers. So, even if the liberalisation of U.S. foreign trade policy has been delayed, at least it will be no more stringent than in recent years.

# Refugees and the Home Office

In reaffirming last week his banishment of Dr. Joseph Cort, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe gave another example of what appears to be an increasingly illiberal trend in his treatment of aliens. The official excuse for refusing to permit Dr. Cort to remain in this country is that, owing to his alleged attempt to evade military service, he might be liable to become a stateless person under U.S. law, and would thus be unable to return to his own country. But this excuse does not stand up to closer examination. First, as Critic observed in this journal last week, Dr. Cort was able to furnish very convincing evidence that he had been exempted and was medically unsuitable for call up; and that in fact the serving of summonses for a further pre-induction examination was merely a device by the U.S. authorities to get him home. Secondly, the established rule, as Sir David called it, that aliens must be in a position to "return to their own country or some other which is prepared to receive them," is one to which there have been a great many exceptions. In the earlier part of Hitler's regime, for instance, many Germans were received into this country as refugees, who were not at that time facing direct danger to their life or liberty. We received them because they were representatives of groups of people who were being to a greater or lesser extent, persecuted under Nazism, and because it was accepted that a decent life was not available to them in Germany. Was this not at least equally true of Dr. Cort?

Moreover, what of those Americans who for political reasons desire to settle in this country, but who have never been Communists, who have never ignored call-up papers, who have never been in danger of statelessness, who have, in a word, never offered a shadow of justification for the kind of special pleading to which the Home Secretary has had recourse in the Cort case? In our correspondence pages this week, Dr. J. D. Kershaw, himself a public official of the highest repute, describes such a case. We do not publish the name or the present whereabouts of Doctor "X," because we do not desire to reopen his troubles. But we endorse, with knowledge, Dr. Kershaw's account of him. What was the Home Secretary's justification in that case?

In a Commons debate last January, not widely reported because of the lateness of the hour at which it took place, Mr. Michael Foot, speaking on the subject of immigration controls, said: "It is only fair to recognise that there is a new type of refugee in the world, of whom there are some in this country already, namely, refugees from the United States. These persons are refugees from the U.S. because of the McCarthy persecution. . . ." These refugees are in fact a new type not only because they come from the U.S., but because they are victims of a subtler form of political persecution than that to which we have become used in other countries. In many cases, these people have left their homes, not because they fear for their lives, but because their livelihoods—as doctors, teachers, actors, film directors, journalists—have disappeared. They are no longer able to work in their own professions. They are threatened and victimised not so much by the central Government as by the power of big business, by local politicians who can swing the Board of Governors of many State universities, and by other self-appointed watch committees that have sprung up in the shadow of Senator McCarthy. In forcing men and women, who are suspected of nonconformity and dissent, out of their jobs, these groups have found an economic weapon that sidesteps both the Constitution's guarantees and the civil liberties that are formally upheld in the courts. This is the situation which, after half a dozen years of Cold War, we have to face. The refugees from America obviously cannot make such an unanswerable case for refuge as can those who are in immediate danger of life. Yet, it seems a mere evasion of moral responsibility to deny that the hardships they suffer constitute a substantial form of political persecution.

Parliament must not allow this matter to rest. We earnestly hope that when it is debated, as it will be in the near future, the Labour Party as a whole will speak up in favour of understanding and generous treatment for these men, who are victims of the Cold War. Of course, the Government must retain the right, as it always has done, to examine each would-be immigrant individually, and to reject those against whom it can be seriously claimed that they would be bad or subversive citizens. But no attempt has been made to sustain such charges against Dr. Cort, Dr. "X," or some others who have been expelled in recent years. The regrettable fact is that the Home Office, under the guardianship of Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, has sacrificed something of the traditional British standards of liberty and justice in order to avoid quarrelling with Washington. The best service we could render to American democracy is to take a stand on one of these cases, which would enable the more liberal elements in the U.S. to claim that British justice is their ally. And the worst service we can do to the whole world is to allow the acid of McCarthyism—which has eaten deep into the Administration and would not disappear if McCarthy disappeared—to corrode the institutions of freedom, of which in a very real sense, Britain is the principal trustee.

# Back to Laissez-Faire

It is now almost 20 years since Keynes wrote his famous pamphlet, *The End of Laissez-Faire*. The correct title for the remarkable pamphlet* recently produced by a group of younger Tory backbenchers should have been *Back to Laissez-Faire*. The key to their argument is to be found on pp. 20-21. A speech made by the late Mr. Arthur Greenwood opposing the 1938 Coal Act is quoted. Greenwood said: "The term used in the Bill, 'the economic and efficient working of coal,' is not the final criterion. We have to consider the people employed in the industry and the areas in which those industries have been established." The authors of *Change is Our Ally* comment: "His remedy was nationalisation. . . . Thus the Labour Party of that day openly recognised nationalisation as a means of arresting the redeployment of labour and resources." This is, in fact, a manifesto against anyone who does not accept economic advantage, in the narrowest and strictest sense of that term, as "the final criterion." It is a sustained attack on anyone who, in Arthur Greenwood's words, considers "the people employed"; who talks, as Greenwood went on to do, about the social capital invested in the distressed areas; who seeks in any way to "interfere" with the economic system, or to erect barriers of any kind to the pull and push of costs, prices and profits.

It is not only nationalisation which is castigated as an impious attempt to interfere with "the final criterion." On the contrary, so mild a measure as the Location of Industry Act (passed by the Caretaker Government) is especially denounced. On pp. 72-73, for example, we are expressly told that it is wrong to reckon in the cost of replacing the social capital—houses, schools, chapels, roads—which must be undertaken if industry flits from one area to another. It is "uneconomic" ever to interfere with the free decision of company directors that they prefer to build their new plants on the Great West Road instead of in South Wales. (How beautifully unrealistic to believe that such directors' choices are really based on a scientific examination of comparative costs, and not on whether they and their managers—or rather, and in particular, their wives and their managers' wives—prefer to live at Windsor instead of Tonypandy!) The pamphlet is not only, therefore, a protest against the whole policy of the Labour Government from 1945-1951; it is also a protest against the whole trend of policy of the Coalition and Caretaker Governments from 1940-1945; in fact, it is also, and explicitly, a protest against the whole trend of policy of the inter-war Conservative Governments. They were far too Socialistic and pro-planning. We must go back at least to 1914 to find the right road. For example, on p. 47 we are told that the *laissez-faire* tendencies of the last 2½ years have been "only a beginning" of a reversal of "the trend not merely of the years of Socialism since 1945 but in many respects of the whole period since the first World War."

The decisive question is this: Do or do not these determined reactionaries, in the exact sense of that word (which does not in itself prove that they are wrong), mean to carry their doctrine right through to the overall aspect of the economic problem? Do they, that is to say, propose to restore the pre-1914 automatic mechanism for equilibrating total demand and total supply? Do they apply their well-argued and passionate plea for prices to be allowed to move freely and competitively to that crucial price, the price of money, *i.e.*, the rate of interest? Do they, or do they not, in a word, throw out the baby of the Keynesian revolution along with the bathwater of planning? Here their argument becomes blurred. In some passages they appear to do so, in others they deny any such intention. Thus, on p. 69 they come to the subject—a tricky one for Tory supporters of *laissez-faire*—of Protection, tariffs and the control of imports in general. On the whole, they are against them; on the whole they are free traders; but, understandably enough, they hedge their argument at this point with every kind of qualification, and come to the conclusion that some sort of interference by the State at this point may be inevitable. For, they say, "powers of import control are the only alternative to a system in which imports and exports are regulated by a variable exchange rate or by movements of gold."

Now there may be a great deal to be said for a variable exchange rate. But it is certainly no cure-all or substitute for the most careful control and planning of our foreign transactions. It is, however, on the last four words of the above quotation that we should concentrate our attention. The alternative to control at this point, we are told, is regulation "by movements of gold." Who would guess that behind those four little

* *Change is our Ally*, by Robert Carr, Richard Fort, Viscount Lambton, Gilbert Longden, Angus Maude, David Ormsby-Gore, Enoch Powell, John Rodgers, J. E. S. Simon and John Vaughan-Morgan (*Conservative Political Centre*, 1s. 6d.).

words lurks the whole gigantic issue of slumps and deflation? For how do the movements of gold regulate imports and exports? After all, there is no mystery about it. Up till 1931, if we imported more than we could afford, gold began to flow out of the country and there was what we now call a fall in the reserves. A remedy for this was to put up the Bank rate, and cut everybody's wages and social service payments (*i.e.*, general deflation on May Committee lines) in order to reduce demand so much that people would no longer have enough money in their pockets to buy either as many imports or anything else as before. That was what used to be done whenever it was thought necessary; and, in a sense, it worked. No one should suggest that deflation, ruthlessly applied, is an ineffective instrument. Only, it works by means of such things as the social paroxysms of the great slump of 1929-31 and the long-drawn-out agony of the derelict areas.

The authors of the pamphlet are uneasily aware of all this. Suddenly on p. 97, they go semi-Keynesite:

> While it is normally harmful from an economic point of view to distort the natural interaction of the forces of supply and demand, it may well be beneficial to control the speed of this reaction by raising or lowering the economic temperature. . . . For example, under *laissez-faire* an adverse balance of payments will correct itself automatically, but only at the cost of deflation and unemployment. To mitigate this effect is one of many purposes for which the Tory Party has consistently advocated Government intervention in the economy.

But this hasty half-page of retraction will not do. It is inconsistent with the whole trend of the rest of their argument. Keynesian theory is planning in its financial aspect. It involves a central authority consciously regulating the economy as a whole by means of interfering with the automatic workings of the system at the most critical points of all (namely, the price of capital, the level of investment, the rate of savings and the distribution of incomes). But interference at those points must sooner or later involve other interferences. And to interfere rationally you must have a purpose. You must have a purpose outside the mere workings of the economic system. You must have a purpose *for which* you want the system to work; you must have a social purpose. In the last resort, you must be a Socialist.

Finally, what of the political implications of this significant pamphlet? It is perfectly true that its authors could cite many passages in which they draw back from the logical conclusion to which, as I have shown, their pamphlet points. They have every reason for such caution. They have every reason for saying relatively little about the actual practical steps for the restoration of *laissez-faire* which they think should be taken. For every one of those steps, or their consequences, would be wildly unpopular. The truth is that they are asking not only the wage earners, not only the farmers, but also the business men themselves, to start dismantling that whole vast system of self-protection against precisely the workings of unregulated economic forces which has been built up over the past 100 years. I cannot think of a substantial class or interest which would not stand in flat opposition to the course which they chart. They are asking the workers to destroy everything which has lifted them, first, out of the hungry Forties of the nineteenth century, and then out of the idle Thirties of the twentieth century. They are asking the farmers to abandon that formidable leverage on the State which they have now managed to secure. They are asking the business men never to combine to make another cartel or to follow a price leader. They should take a short course in Schumpeter on why business men also fight *laissez-faire* today.

And this, I think, explains a curious political paradox. Here are a group of young Tories preaching the pure milk of the gospel of classical liberalism, to the plaudits of, for example, the *Economist*. Yet some of them come from the extreme Right wing of the Party. One of the Editors is Mr. Enoch Powell, who is by far the most considerable figure of the lunatic, anti-democratic fringe of his Party. Perhaps that fixed, fanatical glare of Mr. Powell's has seen quite deeply into this matter. Perhaps he has seen that it is precisely a *laissez-faire* programme which is today incompatible with political democracy. Perhaps he has read the concluding sentences of Evan Durbin's *Politics of Democratic Socialism*, for example. For certainly if the trend represented by this pamphlet became dominant in the Conservative Party—and these are some of its most active young men—one of two things would happen. Either the Conservative Party would sit in permanent and impotent opposition in a democratic Parliament; or there would no longer be a democratic Parliament in which to sit.

JOHN STRACHEY

# London Diary

"COME, boys and girls," says Mr. Attlee, "no beating about the bush; I am a plain man. Do you prefer to be roasted or fried? Personally, I recommend the first course as the less disagreeable. There are no frills about me. I am not one of those who pretend that there is nothing evil about rearming Germany; I won't say that the Germans, in their determination to regain the lost territories in the East, will not plunge us into war with the Soviet Union, or, maybe, make a bargain with Russia and gang up with the Communist world against us. I am not going to be sidetracked by people telling me that from 1945-1947, when I was Prime Minister and Ernest Bevin was Foreign Secretary, we could have prevented the Ruhr industry being handed back once again to the very magnates who were responsible for starting the last two world wars. No, I am a realist. One way or another (as Hitler used to say) Germany will soon be a great industrial power, rearmed. So what's the use of arguing; you may as well go quietly. . . ." To which the only answer is that, in his honest simplicity, Mr. Attlee has left out the still unexplored possibility of an agreement with the Russians, who certainly seemed willing, only a few months ago, to give up the Soviet Zone of Germany (which is like a hot coal in their hands) on condition that the reunited country is "neutralised." Not much of a chance? It is hard to say, since the possibility was not explored at the Berlin Conference. But even if the chances of success were very slight, it's surely rather hard that Mr. Attlee should blame the rank-and-file of the Labour Party if it thinks that all chances should be exhausted before it accepts his well-meant invitation to choose between two forms of suicide?

* * *

Locarno? Nothing has surprised the public over here more than the American fury when Mr. Eden used this dirty word. The House of Representatives was so incensed that it passed unanimously a resolution saying that any country which makes a non-aggression pact with a Communist State will forfeit its claim to American aid. Why this fuss about a mutually defensive treaty which would have stopped the war with Germany, if (as Sir Winston Churchill pointed out) America had not opted out, and if we and the French had not refused to operate it when Hitler went into the Rhineland? How can the Americans keep a straight face when they denounce a pact with Stresemann (that arch nationalist!) while they take Adenauer to their bosoms? What can they mean when they equate Locarno with Munich? The answer is terribly simple. A Locarno or any kind of mutual security pact with a Communist country implies that the Communists could, in certain circumstances, be right; it puts America on an equal footing with Russia and China; it implies co-existence, an agreement to disagree, the philosophy of live and let live; it rules out an active, aggressive, anti-Communist crusade; it involves the psychology of war in which every nation declares itself to be pure white while its enemy is utterly black. We also do that in wartime; but attempt, in the intervals between shooting, not to divide the world into devils and angels, into hell and heaven. Locarno implies that the West could, just conceivably on some quite theoretical occasion, be in the wrong.

* * *

I am grateful to Mr. John Gordon for his suggestion in the *Sunday Express* that I should myself pay a visit to the Somerset coalfield in order to check whether there is a pit operating or not at Radstock. But I hardly think the visit necessary. I can take the word of the Coal Board when it informs me that the pit closed down, as a working concern, on March 20, and that any workers there since have been merely clearing up. This, however, has really very little to do with my question to Mr. Gordon. I wanted to know why he said that this coalfield had been prosperous in private hands, and bankrupt since the Coal Board took over, and why he said that this helped to explain the increased price of coal. Actually this tiny coalfield had been dying for many a long year, but, under its new management, some of the pits are being resuscitated. Mr. Gordon says that I am "swift to fly to the defence of bureaucrats or odd conscience martyrs like Dr. Cort." Well, well . . . I try not to delay too much in correcting vicious propaganda in cases where civil servants happen to be in the right, and I try to maintain the old traditions of a free press, which I should have thought would have appealed to Mr. Gordon, in cases where individual liberty is threatened.

* * *

Sane people welcome any breach of the Iron Curtain, East or West. The cultural flow to the West is now really striking. Chess, unlike football, leads to no broken heads, and we can be grateful to the Russians for their threat to come and teach us, even more drastically, how the game should be played. Soviet films are

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enjoyed here, and we are still hoping to see their top ballet, of which we were so narrowly deprived a few months ago. But I doubt if anything the Russians do here arouses so much enthusiasm as their puppets. Last November, Mr. Obraztsov was only seen on television and one or two special performances, and he had only a few dolls to manipulate. Now he has come with a team of forty artists and a thousand dolls for a month at the London Casino. Talking to him while his stage was being erected on Tuesday night, I discovered one of the difficulties of such puppet shows in a London theatre. Only the ground floor seats can be sold. Unlike Italian marionettes and open-air puppet shows I have seen in Burma and elsewhere, the dolls are worked from below, so that the illusion would be completely spoilt if the show were seen from the dress circle or gallery where people could see the manipulators at work. No one disputes the genius of Mr. Obraztsov. Will the Russians in return welcome our artists? Cultural relations with Communist countries should be reciprocal.

* * *

The death-watch beetle is an ingenious insect with a strong digestion. It seems to have no difficulty in biting through the lead of church roofs; in the timbers below its grubs will live on nice, tasty ancient wood for three or even as many as ten years before they become beetles. Then one spring day, smitten by the madness of love, they change into beetles and make for the upper air. It may be centuries before the existence of this happy family life is discovered by the priest or his flock, because the matter does not become serious until hundreds of grubs are having a high old time. The process is obviously progressive, because, as the beetles make holes in the lead, so rain gets in, and wood gets rotten. In any case it is gradually reduced by the grubs to the consistency of cheese. Then one day, unexpectedly, the roof may fall down on to the worshippers below, whose only intimation of anything unusual occurring above them has been, we are told, the occasional tick-tock made by a beetle knocking his head against the wood above him. To the superstitious, this has made him an ominous harbinger of death.

* * *

Why are so many churches—including Thaxted parish church, certainly one of the loveliest in England—now threatened by these enterprising beetles? Thaxted has collected enough money to save the roofs of the side aisles, and has been organising all sorts of gaieties to raise the necessary couple of thousand more needed to preserve the superb roof which covers the nave. So good have the festivities been that I am quite grateful to the beetles. During midsummer week there was more than the usual Thaxted quota of fine music and communal dancing. On Saturday night the pubs in the village were agog until midnight. Morris dancing, which may easily be "precious," is a regular popular habit in Thaxted. On this occasion, it was accompanied by country dancing, in which hundreds of people took part in the street, all the way down the hill. The church was floodlit, and I was left wondering why more places in England do not have their own annual festivals.

* * *

Explaining that the figures relating cancer to smoking are just an attempt to frighten people from their pleasures, Mr. Golder, President of the National Union of Retail Tobacconists, said that

> The comfort and solace which it brought to the fighting forces and the civilian population proved a major contribution to our eventual victories. I would go so far as to say that had it not been for tobacco, we should probably be today an enslaved nation.

Until Mr. Golder spoke on tobacco I had always thought it was God who fought on all sides simultaneously but always gave Britain the victory.

CRITIC

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.**
**Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

> It is her [the Queen's] wise judgment, and not that of a bevy of designers, that has brought Prince Charles a title unique for one so young—leader of the eleven best-dressed men in the world.—*Women's Own*. (Christine Greenfield.)

> For some out-of-town young men the debutantes are one of the attractions of London life.—*Evening Standard*. (D. Nesteroff.)

> Screwdrivers and razor blades are being used by girls in Swindon factories to brand themselves. At one factory the girls have been warned that anyone else caught doing so will be dismissed. . . . One girl had the letters "U.S.A." branded across her back and another had the word "Pennsylvania" cut down her arm.—*Manchester Guardian*. (M. Plaskow.)

## FLEXIBLE INSTRUMENT

The U.N. Charter is firm and fast,
The Charter is fast and firm;
The Security Council is bound and tied,
Its rules no Member may override
However they wriggle and squirm.
When Guatemalans in haste arrive
Invoking Article 35
The Council's judgment they may expect
On whether aggression's a quite correct
Or an inappropriate term.

For Article 35 enjoins
The Council may not decline—
However deeply it may regret
That Guatemala reports a threat—
The circumstance to define.
Thus by Charter obliged to do,
Pursuant to Article 42,
Provided everything has been done
According to Article 41,
Under Article 39.

Convened by Article 35
The United Nations are bound,
However they long to duck or dodge
In consideration for Mr. Lodge,
Or find some new way round.
But how condone an aggressive act
While keeping the Charter's frame intact?
By no conceivable turn or twist
Can Guatemala be thus dismissed—
Till Chapter 8 is found.

In Chapter 8 is a saving clause;
Discovered before too late
A useful loophole they bring to view
That a Peace Commission can drive right through
While the Guatemalans wait.
Though Article 35 their right
May plainly settle in black and white,
The Security Council's hands are free—
Interpreting Article 53,
Relating to Chapter 8.

Though terms of Article 39
The Council completely obey,
By vetoing Article 35
The Charter's letter they keep alive
While the spirit they betray.
The U.N. Charter is firm and clear,
All sovereign States to the terms adhere
So long as, by means of Chapter 8,
The instrument they can manipulate,
For where there's a will there's a way.

SAGITTARIUS

# Fishponds and Fertilisers

THERE is much discussion these days about the possibilities of increasing food production from the sea. Those concerned with fishery research are not unduly optimistic. Probably most of the major fishing grounds are already fully exploited. Those off North-west Europe are actually being over-fished, with dangers to future stocks that the recently concluded International Fisheries Convention may do something to avert. The Californian sardine fishery, the produce of which was so welcome an addition to our wartime food, has now effectively disappeared and Steinbeck's Cannery Row at Monterey is now a sad line of deserted factories. Modern fishing methods are so efficient that it is all too easy to take more from the sea than nature can replace. Some fishing grounds remain to be exploited; the North Pacific is less intensively fished than the North Atlantic, while open ocean fishing for tunny and similar fishes has possibilities which await discovery of breeding grounds and migrations. Existing fishing grounds may be exploited more efficiently by measures of conservation which allow the fish to grow larger before they are caught.

But, however widely and with whatever efficiency the fisherman operates, he remains a food collector; he reaps without sowing. Ocean-going trawlers, detecting and capturing fish with every ingenuity of modern science, merely take what nature supplies. Naturally the question arises whether it is possible to cultivate the products of the sea as one does those of the land. This is certainly not possible for marine fishes. In agriculture food is supplied, as plant fertilisers or animal feeding stuffs, to particular crops or herds, all competitors being removed. This is impossible in the open sea: there any added source of fertility benefits all and sundry, and only finally the carnivores which include the fishes. Experiments carried on during the war on the coast of Argyll indicated that fish do grow larger after an addition of plant fertilisers, but such additional yield was negligible compared with the effect these fertilisers would have had on land; moreover fertilisation was possible only in very restricted waters out of which the fish moved freely.

Only in two forms is aquatic farming an economic proposition. One is in the cultivation of shellfish, such as oysters, mussels and clams, the other in pond culture of fish. The former represents a major industry, especially in France, the United States and Japan, and is carried out inter-tidally or in shallow water. It depends on collection and care of the young by elimination of enemies and competitors, but fertilisation is rarely practised and then only in restricted areas such as pools at the head of Norwegian fjords. Aquiculture of this type can be increased and this is a prime objective of the new shellfish laboratory of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries at Burnham-on-Crouch.

Pond culture of fishes is carried on either in brackish water lagoons or in fresh water. Since the population is controllable and the volume of water often limited, fertilisation is possible although not always necessary or even desirable. Much has been claimed for this method of food production, not only in the tropics, where it has long been practised, but also, on less evidence, in this country. The Colonial Office is much concerned with the possibilities of fish farming throughout the Colonies and has now published a

work of major importance on the subject.* This consists of a bibliography of papers on fertilisation of fishponds prepared for Imperial Chemical Industries during the war by Dr. C. H. Mortimer of the Freshwater Biological Association and now extended and the whole subject reviewed by him in conjunction with Dr. C. F. Hickling, Fisheries Adviser to the Colonial Office. The bibliography contains some 350 titles, a better indication of interest in the subject than of the amount of scientific information. Many authors hold conflicting views, while conclusions are often based on dubious evidence. But valuable information does emerge. In our temperate climate the natural yield of salmonid fish, salmon and trout, is some 10 lb. per acre per year. That of coarse fish from slowly moving, richer waters is higher. In the commercial carp ponds of Central Europe the yield averages ten times as much. In tropical countries where high temperatures aid growth, productivity may be 20 times higher yet, up to 2,000 lb., although much larger figures have been claimed.

The feeding habits of the fish are all-important; trout are carnivorous, carp feed largely on submerged vegetation, while the most important fish reared in tropical ponds live on microscopic diatoms. Plants form organic from inorganic matter, and so furnish food for animals, but every conversion from plant to herbivore or herbivore to carnivore represents an energy loss of some 90 per cent. Hence carnivorous trout can never be more than about one-tenth as numerous as herbivores such as the plant-eating carp and the diatom-eating *Tilapia* which, with other tropical herbivores, form the major source of human food taken from fresh waters. Something like 500,000 tons of fish are produced annually from the ponds of China, Japan, Indonesia, Malaya and the Philippines. The yield is comparable with, indeed often higher than, that of adjoining land.

Agricultural production is maintained by adding fertilisers, either farmyard manure and other organic substances or else artificial fertilisers containing phosphates, nitrates and potash. This can be done in pond culture although controversy rages as to the best methods, these often depending on the nature of the water and of the crop. The vast productivity of Far Eastern fishponds is due to time-honoured but entirely empirical methods. Manure, cut vegetation, soya bean or other organic waste, sewage or night-soil may be added; latrines may even be built over the ponds. The result is such immense growth of microscopic plants that the water becomes dense brown or bluish-green. Fish which can live in such a soup of plant food grow with dramatic speed: a weight of 3/4 lb. may be attained by *Tilapia* in three months.

These methods of fish production have never been properly studied; the producer knows what he should add in order, with suitable care, to obtain a certain yield of fish—and that is all. The involved sequence of events from adding of fertiliser to production of fish needs to be followed. A Colonial Office scheme to establish a research station with experimental ponds in Malaya to study this problem has unfortunately had to be postponed. Information is the more needed because fish farming is being rapidly extended throughout tropical Africa and being introduced into the West Indies. This method of food production is certain of great future development. Artificial fertilisers are not used in the Far East. They have been employed in European and American fishponds, largely for rearing carp. Phosphates may give good results, often after adding lime; under certain conditions potash may be helpful, but nitrates have little effect. However, all is far from plain sailing; much phosphate is immobilised in the bottom mud while marginal vegetation may receive a disproportionately large share of the added enrichment.

In this country the only food fish that might economically be farmed is the carp and, with a fine range of marine fishes available, no one will buy carp or indeed any of our native coarse fishes. Trout are a different proposition. In the catching of them they give pleasure to many (this is also true of the coarse fish) while, like all salmonids, they are excellent eating. They live in colder waters than the coarse fishes, inhabiting the clearer, better aerated waters of upland lakes, reservoirs and rivers. The demands of the angler are met by hatcheries which produce fry for stocking, while rainbow trout, more tolerant than brown trout to pond conditions, are also reared to marketable size largely for sale to London restaurants. These fish are, of course, fed; but apart from this, production in ponds might be increased by adding fertilisers. At Munich these trout flourish in ponds receiving fertiliser in the form of clarified sewage.

It is another matter with our native brown trout where the demand is for larger rather than more numerous fish—one can hardly hope for both—under natural conditions. The Brown Trout Research Laboratory set up at Pitlochry under the auspices of the Scottish Home Department and of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board has this and related problems on its programme. The life of the trout from hatching to egg-laying is being studied and also the effects of fertilisers in small lochs where little will be lost by outflow of water. Results of value can only slowly emerge. When dealing with uncontrollable populations and with large volumes of water, the effects of fertilisation are difficult to distinguish and all too easy to confuse with normal fluctuations in productivity. Observable effects may possibly have to await a build-up of fertiliser in the bottom mud and its eventual release with consequent enrichment. Nothing comparable with the results of tropical fish culture or of European carp ponds can be hoped for, although no one who catches or who eats trout will fail to welcome the day when the lochs and rivers of Scotland contain more or larger fish.

C. M. YONGE

* *Fertilizers in Fishponds. A Review and Bibliography.* Colonial Office, Fishery Publications: No. 5, 1954. London, H.M.S.O. Price £1 5s. net.

# The Curator of Auschwitz

JUST over nine years ago, Oswiecim—better known as Auschwitz—was the biggest extermination camp in history. This is where Hitler had about four million Europeans, some three million of them Jews, gassed, shot, starved, hanged, bludgeoned to death or just exposed to the foul dampness that breeds disease.

As we left Stalinogrod (Katowice) for Oswiecim, the driver said, "It's a good smooth road all the way." And, I thought, it was the classical one-way road of all time.

Children were playing happily as we entered the town where the horror camp was situated. A man rode along on a bicycle, humming a tune. Three horse-drawn carts jogged along the Sola River's embankment. Elm trees stood stark and black. Upright as the poplars was the church spire rising behind the trees just this side of the former S.S. barracks.

Four in the afternoon is closing time for visitors to the Auschwitz concentration camp and to the museum—ten whole buildings of it—where relics of the recent savagery are shown. I was late. As the car pulled in, it was 6.30 p.m. The evening was dark and clammy. I stepped from the car and my shoes sank in soil.

Two men walked forward. They had orders to admit me after hours and to show me around. The younger man introduced himself as deputy curator of the Oswiecim museum, the other as a guide. The curator, talking German, began pouring out his recital. The guide was silent.

The red-cheeked curator said 3,500,000 visitors had come to this spot since the war's end. Most of them came to mourn relatives. One old German woman collapsed here the other day and was carried away screaming. The curator was speaking more excitedly.

Now we were in Birkenau, one of the three mammoth Auschwitz camps. This one sprawled over 140 acres. While in operation it was circled by electrified barbed wire charged with 380 volts. The curator was telling all this as I stood on the soaking sod by the track leading to the four crematoria half-a-mile farther along. The curator talked uninterruptedly, like the babbler at the front of a "rubberneck" tourist coach.

Here were the barracks where the Nazis packed 40,000 women victims. In Birkenau alone there were 540 barracks, each holding 1,200 occupants—Germans, French, Russians, Poles, Czechs, Hungarians, gipsies and others. Forty barracks were needed simply to store property taken from the prisoners on their journey to the death chambers or to forced labour. Thirty men slept or lay awake in the 6 ft. by 7 ft. cells, each with three tiers of bunks.

The curator flushed with the thrill of his narrative. He pointed to the watch-towers marking the camp's corners. There had stood the S.S. men with automatic pistols.

To-night the barrack roofs were leaking. All the windows were out. There was the drip, drip of raindrops on the concrete floor. Next-door I surveyed two parallel troughs where prisoners washed. In the adjacent barracks I scanned rows of concrete latrines for scores of dying captives.

The museum curator never ceased talking. I tried to interpose a question, but he did not hear. His eyes were bright as he told the tales of horror. This was something to which the Grand Guignol could not even aspire.

Here was the spot where transports arrived from all Europe, from Norway to Greece. One of every ten had been held back for forced labour. The other 90 per cent. rode another kilometre to the ovens. There they were given what the Nazis called "the night and fog" treatment, a phrase stolen from the *Erlkoenig* and meaning that they vanished for ever in mist and darkness.

We stood at the gas chamber where, not long ago, 800 to 1,000 fighting, struggling humans, naked men and women ordered to enter for a showerbath, were gassed with Cyclone B or cyanide of potassium. Sometimes, the curator said, they lived 12 or even 15 minutes, choking, suffocating. Then the gas would be pumped out of the chamber and the corpses moved by conveyor belt into the great furnaces. Deft dentists first removed the gold fillings. The crematoria could burn 12,000 bodies a day, he added.

He led the way to the museum. He was still speaking with exhilaration. We came to a glass case containing the hair of 32,000 murdered women: two tons of it, the curator said—a little proudly, I thought.

By now I knew I was in the presence of an extra abnormality alongside the monstrosity of the horror camp. I could hardly see the curator in the blackness and mist. His voice was piercing; his movements quick, I was sure. Living amid this home of death, almost alone, he was eager, almost panting, to share the secrets of the place with every stranger. *Geteiltes Leid ist halbes Leid.*

He pointed to the cloth made of human hair, to the bin full of empty poison-gas tins, to the case with thousands upon thousands of mouldy old shaving-brushes, another with a mountain of thread, a third with tens of thousands of toothbrushes, then hairbrushes and a case with about 30,000 discarded spectacles. One vast storeroom was crammed from floor to ceiling with shoddy shoes, scores of thousands. Saddest of all was the adjacent bin filled with more thousands of children's shoes. Finally we came to a concrete compartment containing the artificial legs, arms and steel corsets of cripples sent to their death here.

Stepping to the street, where all was black night and drizzle, we paused at the wall where the S.S. and Gestapo had shot 30,000 other victims. The curator had still not run out of breath. He was still talking, talking.

We had seen but two of the museum's ten buildings, but it was all I could take. How hard-boiled must a reporter be to withstand the anguish that flooded and submerged this place? Here was the greatest monument of man's cruelty to man.

All this time the short, stocky guide had remained silent alongside the agitated curator. I decided to satisfy my curiosity.

"Who are you?" I asked the guide.

"My name is Adam Zlobnicki. Once I was a prisoner here in Auschwitz but now I just show people around."

FREDERICK KUH

# Traverse Jury

AT the beginning of the year I wrote some things in this journal about the jury system that must have seemed to call a great institution into question. I had never served on a jury. I offer no suggestion about cause and effect, but within a very short time I received a small blue document headed "Traverse Jury," which required me to "be of a jury to try between our Sovereign Lady the Queen and the Several Defendants and Prisoners to be at the Bar" at the forthcoming Quarter Sessions of the Peace. "Whereof fail not," it concluded tartly, "as you will answer the contrary at your peril."

No thought of answering the contrary came to me. On the appointed morning at 9.15 I stood with upwards of a hundred others in a Court that could comfortably accommodate about forty, waiting in the intense English silence of non-acquaintanceship for we knew not what. Heavy footsteps at last heralded the arrival of a large, friendly man in wig and gown, who stood at the Clerk's desk and told us kindly what jury service was going to mean. We watched him narrowly, clutching our raincoats and crossword puzzles. Once he made us laugh, and we frightened ourselves. Our silence deepened into the tautness of jungle beasts as he came to the question of our expenses. Then we were marshalled into dozens, and each dozen was given a date on which to come back and start work. In readiness for that day, my dozen was taken into a little room in order to choose its foreman-to-be, and chose him mainly because he was good-looking, classy, suggested by some anonymous voice, and too nice to refuse. A benign usher looked forward to seeing us in a week's time.

"What's traverse jury?" we asked each other outside. No one knew. Some of us undertook to find out. (Traverse, in legal contexts, only means denial. We were a jury, perhaps, that tried people denying their guilt? But people who admit their guilt don't have a jury at all. We gave it up.)

It was interesting to talk to jurors. (I have often been among them in Court buildings, but no one who is not of them dares to talk to them.) They proved to be just like us. We all made perfunctory references to the havoc all this was creating in our business lives. In our waiting-room one gentleman was heard doing this by the usher, who at once took him away to have the hardship investigated ("that's what I'm here for"), and got him excused from serving. I had the impression that he was disgusted and disappointed, that he had overdone the thing.

I was not so much interested in the locked-in deliberations about verdicts (to my surprise, we retired to consider every case) as in the effect of Court ritual and procedure on individual jurors. This, in many cases, seems to be precisely the converse of what is intended; and since the priests of the ritual are themselves disqualified for jury service, they may never really know what effect they are producing. Their manner suggests that, apart from the verdicts, they don't much mind.

First, jurors are surprised that the barristers are all so young, and then they conclude, unfairly, that a mature man who is any good has long left the criminal bar for richer work. Next, they like gravity and decorum in an advocate's speech: levity makes them angry, though they smile nervously at the time in spite of themselves. Most of them are embarrassed during the speeches and glad when they're over; and they don't like Counsel to be too near them—especially Counsel for the defence, who is enabled by proximity to push all the stops in and use an intimate *vox humana* that makes them squirm. Some spoke feelingly about what they regarded as the tawdry oratorical devices of Counsel, the never-ending string of clichés, the innumerable hortatory punctuations (m'lord, in my respectful submission, m'learned friend's case, memserthejury), the perfunctory and often unconvincing manufacture of bricks without straw in the "defence" of impassive, moronic old lags, and above all the complete identity of the advocate with the generally mendacious story he has undertaken to tell.

I often heard my fellow-jurors ask: "Don't they have to take some kind of oath, like a doctor?" (The inquirers were not interested about the oath of allegiance on call to the Bar: they had in mind an incantation to some legal Hippocrates.) They were disposed to agree that an advocate must necessarily put forward the defence disclosed to him by his client; but when, for example, that defence is an alibi and the jury have rejected it, they are dumbfounded to hear, from the very Counsel who has so movingly urged upon them that his man wasn't there at the time, an immediate plea "in mitigation of sentence" that explains exactly how he came to be there in a subordinate capacity. "If that's legitimate," said one juror to me several times, "I can understand the police going all out to get convictions. No holds barred. As far as I'm concerned, it's been an education and I haven't liked it."

Nor did they like the arrangement, which is in fact common in Courts of Assize and Quarter Sessions, by which the witnesses who have given evidence are placed in seats in full view of the jury for the rest of the trial. It was generally appreciated, I found, that the used witnesses mustn't be allowed out of Court to mix with and prejudice the unused ones; but the feeling was that they should be packed away out of sight altogether. Understandably, they are not able to control themselves like the poker-faced Court officials. Some of the stories put up by the defence are preposterous enough, but the grins, gasps, head-shakings and other gestures of the prosecution witnesses, as they hear the defence unfolded, are a miserable embarrassment to the jury. I have often wondered what juries thought about this. I was careful to do no prompting; but the strength of my fellow-jurors' indignation surprised me, varying as it did from an angry and ill-considered belief that it was a "put-up job" to a shocked disapproval of the Court arrangements.

It is notorious that a prisoner's chances of acquittal are greater at the start of a session than after a few days of trials. Juries quickly get accustomed to the esoteric significance of the routine. By the time they are trying their third case they know that when the police officer is allowed to leave the witness-box without being asked by the defence to say that the prisoner's character is unimpeachable, the prisoner's character is not unimpeachable. They soon draw a similar inference when the prisoner does not leave the dock throughout the case to give evidence on his own behalf. These things are perhaps unavoidable. What is not unavoidable, and what made the jurors I spoke to more angry than anything else, is the ostentatious display in Court, during the trial, of the official forms on which previous convictions are tabulated.

This, I think, and certainly hope, is merely carelessness. But there has grown up a custom, among solicitors instructing for the Crown, of leaving the actual Court work to the police officer "in charge of the case," who sits with prosecuting Counsel throughout the trial. The worst consequence of this, apart from the fact that he is seldom able to remain poker-faced at the peak moments of a defence that he knows to be a pack of lies, is that he often sits scrutinising and shuffling the previous conviction forms, the list of other offences to be "taken into consideration" if the prisoner asks, and the little cut-off slips on which the Prison Commissioners report to the Judge whether *they* think it a fit case for "corrective training." Jurors get to know exactly what these documents are; and they can pick them out at ten yards. I can say now with complete certainty that their judgment is thus affected. There is only one remedy for this really inexcusable injustice, and it is a simple one: no witnesses should be in Court—police, expert, or otherwise—at any stage of the trial except to give evidence.

The only other grumble I heard, and I see no remedy for this one, concerned the appalling difficulty of keeping awake during the leisurely and soporific drift of a trial. Some jurors said how guiltily they envied and admired the alertness of Judge and Counsel. (I saw four witnesses and—I think—one prisoner fast asleep.) A possible cure might be to give all jurors a specially pepped lunch on the premises, instead of reimbursing them for the suet-pudding and other sedatives they get in neighbouring pubs. A sleepy juror is a menace, and there are a lot of them.

I have always supported the principle of trial by jury, defending it, often, against the attacks of better-informed men. Today I have a still stronger faith in it as a tribunal for simple, disputed cases of larceny and assault, a diminished faith in respect of any case involving figures, sexual morality, or culpable drunkenness, and none at all in respect of any case lasting more than two days.

C. H. ROLPH

# Last Train to Nowhere

WHEN Hardwick built the great arch which leads to Euston Station, he named it "the Gateway to the North." On every great Continental railway station should have been inscribed: "The Gateway to Utopia." Did not Robert Owen describe his co-operative system as "the railway which would take men to universal happiness"? The metaphor had point: until Iron Curtains descended, railways offered men escape—from one country, one way of life, to another. And of Hungary, above all, was this true. Paris and Western civilisation were at one end of the line; Constantinople and the Orient at the other. Budapest was a gloried gypsy-encampment; Hungarians never forgot their nomadic origin. Intellectual life in Budapest was intense but detached from its surroundings. Hungarian intellectuals had to be European or nothing; and they took advantage of their railway. Budapest provided Europe with musicians, film stars, playwrights, economists—all travellers by train.

Arthur Koestler is the most complete example of this destiny. He describes his autobiography—the second volume of which has just been published*—as "the typical case-history of a member of the Central-European educated middle-classes, born in the first years of our century." He is the man without roots, the man whose mind is his only fortune, the man who is always in search of perfection. By the middle of the century, he has become the man who knows that perfection can never be found and so concludes that nothing can be found. Here too the disillusioned intellectual is typical of his age. We should perhaps quarrel with one word of the description. His case-history is "typical" only in being extreme. Koestler has gone further than others in quest of Utopia and has been correspondingly more disillusioned. Most men have few roots; Koestler is untypical in that he has none at all. And of course the claim to be typical reveals a false modesty quite out of tune. His transcendent abilities make him far from typical. Many men have had Koestler's experiences, or some of them. No one else could have transformed them into perhaps the most remarkable autobiography since the *Confessions* of Rousseau. Whether we admire or dislike him, learn from him or repudiate his instruction, there is no denying his literary gifts. Koestler is typical only in the way that Bernard Shaw claimed to be normal.

And yet, if we can tear ourselves away from Koestler's magic and look again at the record, we may wonder if his case-history is so representative after all. No doubt many intellectuals ran after Utopias between the wars; and no doubt all were somewhat disappointed. But did any run as hard as Koestler or end up in such complete disillusionment? Indeed, how many ran at all seriously? "Parlour Bolshevism" was the most popular game of the 'thirties; Koestler never played it. His present fate bears witness to this. Other intellectuals have dabbled in Communism at one time or another. They have sloughed it off, and the flirtation might as well never have been. But Koestler is still obsessed by it. Though he may be without roots, he has put out tentacles and now cannot detach them. He himself asks—why do men write autobiographies? and he answers—as a cautionary tale. But this is not always the true answer, certainly not true in his case. Men also write autobiographies in order to re-live the past, to experience again their triumphs or, it may be, their failures. The inter-war years were, for everyone, years of folly and disaster—for Koestler more than for most. One might imagine that he would like to turn his back on them. On the contrary, he writes of nothing else, just as Dickens could never get the boot-blacking factory out of his mind.

There are, then, two Koestlers—the literary artist who is immersed in the past; the human being who has to make do with the present. All Koestler's writings depict the inter-war years. In his private life, he says, he searched always for the perfect woman, the Helen of Troy, and was, as in politics, inevitably disillusioned. Outside, he discovered two Utopias. There was the Zionist Utopia in Palestine, and the Socialist Utopia of the Soviet Union. Both have given him material for novels, for volumes of essays, and now for his autobiography. In each case the material stops in 1940. Thereafter, Koestler implies, the two fraudulent Utopias were just the same, only more so. Both again have another curious characteristic in common—Koestler had lost faith before he set eyes on them, or so he implies nowadays. He knew before he reached Palestine that he could not live the Utopian life of physical labour; this Utopia, even if it had some sort of existence, was not for him. Still more, his entire account of Soviet Russia in the 'thirties is shot through with contempt and ridicule. Quite rightly: there has never been a community further removed from Utopia than the Soviet Union of the great famine and the great purge. But did Koestler not observe anything of this at the time? Did he—a mature journalist and political student—fail to notice the starving peasants on the railway platforms? He suggests now that he only noticed them unconsciously or accepted the twaddling excuses of Soviet publicity. Surely there is quite a different explanation. The Soviet fraud—the contrast between Utopia and reality—made Communism all the more attractive for him. It is an old story that the highest form of belief is belief in the impossible; and Koestler shared this emotional satisfaction with the early Christians.

Belief, not a settled way of life, was what Koestler was seeking for in the inter-war years. Zionism involved digging. He gave it up. Communism meant for him writing articles, delivering lectures; and he clung to it, by his own account, long after his inner faith had been shaken or destroyed. It never seems to occur to him that Communism may be a way of arranging economic life as well as a system of political tyranny. In Soviet Russia he met propagandists, secret policemen—and beautiful women. He hardly mentions the worried managers of factories or even the engine drivers. The Utopian train is assumed to run itself. The important thing is the discussion in the railway carriage, not the men who somehow make the train go. The Soviet Utopia of Koestler's dream did not exist. But he does not now see Soviet Russia by the cold light of reality. He has merely turned things upside down; and what was once Utopia has become instead Hell on earth, a place almost equally imaginary.

* *The Invisible Writing*. By ARTHUR KOESTLER. *Collins* and *Hamish Hamilton*. 21s.

The political idealist is likely to be disappointed when he comes into contact with life. Koestler was certainly disappointed; and in this he was "a typical case-history." In the harsh years before 1939 the idealist might expect to end in prison; here, too, Koestler was typical—no man has been in more. But the sort of prisons he fell into were not at all typical. Siberia and Nazi concentration camps were the typical prisons of the nineteen-thirties, crammed with political idealists. Koestler never entered either except in imagination. His prisons were in Spain, in France, finally at Pentonville. Experience of these is less common, and less representative. Koestler has "green fingers" so far as prisons are concerned. He can hardly go anywhere without finding himself in jail. But they are jails of an old-fashioned type, clumsy, brutal, careless, but not the jails of the new totalitarian tyrannies. It would be unfair to say that Koestler was only happy in prison. But it is not unfair to say that only there did he find inner peace. He describes the rest of the spirit which came to him at the prison window, the mystical experience which revealed to him "the invisible writing." At last the train had brought him somewhere. In prison Koestler had arrived.

But in western Europe life does not end in prison. The prison gates open; and life has to begin. It is a stroke of profound symbolism that Koestler's autobiography closes when he left Pentonville. No more Utopias; no more prisons, except as a casual touch of luck. Instead, one would suppose, drab reality. Life brought to Koestler success as an author, material rewards which satisfied his "hedonism," and a comfortable house in Knightsbridge. He could be admired, respected, at ease. But this was not what he wanted. Where previously he had been embittered at failure, now he must be embittered at success. He claims to have grown roots in England; but the way he displays it is to describe England as "a kind of Davos for internally bruised veterans of the totalitarian age." He is exasperated with English softness, exasperated with the low sales of his books here, exasperated that English people do not bestir themselves against Communist tyranny. In England, he writes, "I am only read by highbrows, and even by them only as a penance"; and he refers to the English gift "of looking at reality through a soothing filter." Perhaps Koestler is not a reliable or penetrating judge of English ways. Perhaps "their lotus-eating disposition" covers a deeper understanding of reality than he supposes. Englishmen are aware of the concentration camps and the gas chambers, but do not regard them as a profitable topic of conversation—or even of literature.

Why should we go on talking about things that are both absurd and repellent? There is no "Communist tyranny" in England: few vote Communist here. Besides, to quote Koestler, even English Communists are "certainly closer to the Pickwick Club than to the Comintern." He condemns, or perhaps praises them for indulging "in humour and eccentricity—dangerous diversions from the class struggle." Dangerous diversions, we might add, from the anti-Communist struggle also. Koestler's new fervour sets out to be as fierce as his old. Only he now denounces what he once idealised. He condemns himself for being blind and ignorant. But it is difficult to believe that his new judgments are any more reliable. A political authority who took as long as Koestler did in facing the evil side of Soviet Communism has surely disqualified himself as a guide for the future. Instead of beating a new and bigger drum even more loudly than before, he had better retire from the band. And this is what Koestler has really done, though he is unwilling to admit it. The greatest virtues of his autobiography are not political penetration or religious mysticism; they are "humour and eccentricity." Struwwelpeter was written as a warning tale; but it has brought entertainment to countless nurseries. Koestler would like us to see in him the fanatic of anti-Communism, the martyr in search of a stake; and we do our best. But he preaches with such gusto, describes his sufferings with such gaiety, that we pay him the greatest of compliments. We refuse to take him seriously. He has qualified as an honorary member of the Pickwick Club.

# Nat. His.

College Place, N.W.1, is not, by any stretch of imagination, an eerie street: the clear wash of June sunshine falls kindly on modest, iron-balconied Victorian terraces whose gentility is seen, at second glance, to have slipped—though always respectably—a little way down the social hill. Nor is any supernatural *frisson* evoked by the notice-board, "Natural History Studios," over a small doorway which gives access to what was once the back-garden of No. 61, the house of Edward Gerrard I, diligent and expert employee of the B.M. in the 1840s, and author of a then authoritative *Catalogue of Mammals*. Yet, at the end of the passage, in the little courtyard flanked by curiously quiet workshops—taxidermy is not a noisy craft—there did seem to be, in a pleasant sort of way, rather a lot of Victorian ghosts.

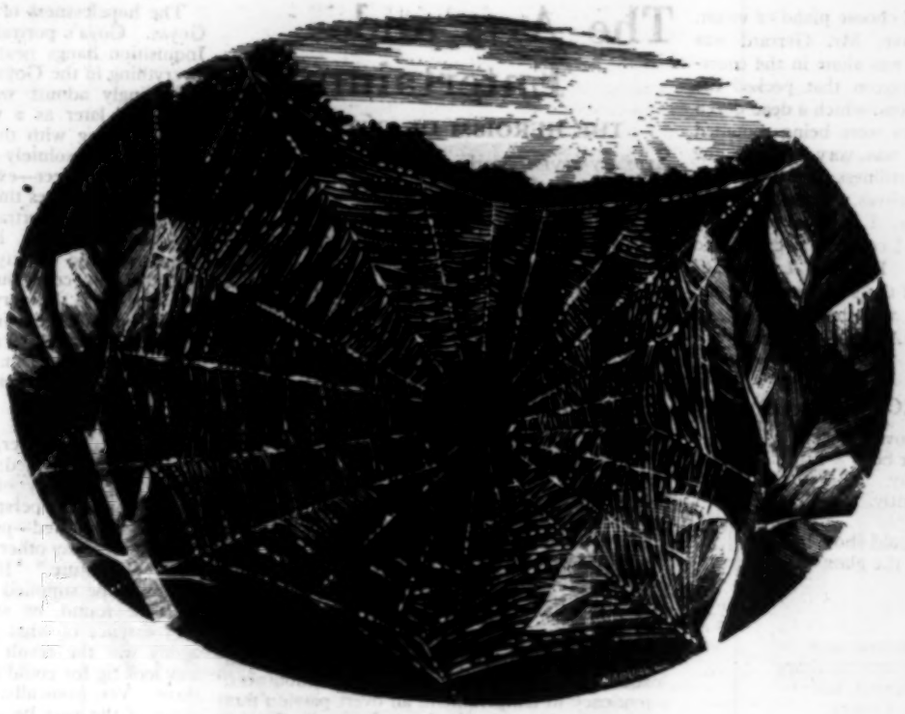
Long-dead naturalists, such as Thomas Bell, William Yarrell and Philip Henry Gosse, who used to frequent the Studios; Baron Rothschild driving flamboyantly up College Place behind a team of zebras; that unexpected, frock-coated visitor who was impatiently bidden to "wait outside" by a busy Gerrard, and turned out to be the Prince of Wales: all these Victorian shades have somehow impressed themselves on the Gerrards' back-garden. And in the Studio which serves as reception-office—its walls lined, its floor crowded with mounted specimens—there is a ghostly flavour, not only of those dead beasts, but of all those Ouidaesque Victorians who found, in the shooting of "a bit of big game, old chap," the balm needed for heart (or pride) injured by unfaithful wife, fickle mistress or the prim return of engagement ring by inconstant jilt.

"Very little big stuff, these days," I was told by Edward Gerrard IV, genial and (in notably solid substance) quite unghostly present heir to the family tradition. He was prompt with practical advice against the probably remote possibility of my taking part in a *safari*. ("Careful skinning; rub the inside well with a cake of our arsenical soap; peg out to dry *in the shade;* don't let 'em stretch the skin, and send us the beast's measurements before skinning.") But, so far as big game is concerned, the great days, I gathered, are done: just a few soldiers returning with skins; and, since the cost of mounting a "big cat" on its feet may run, today, up to £100, the taste of these home-coming warriors is for the more modestly priced, and utilitarian, floor-rug. "Very sad," said Mr. Gerrard. I was not quite sure whether he was addressing me or his ghosts.

Yet though the bright day of jungle trophies, those lavish imports of pelts of slaughtered lions and hippos, tigers and buck, is gone, let it not be supposed that the craft of taxidermy is "for the dark," like Egypt's queen. The Studios still have plenty of clients. There are schools, universities and museums. (It was to supply the "Nat. His." on its enlargement in South Ken. that Edward Gerrard I started an enterprise which his son developed commercially.) There is, too, the Min. of Ag., with its steady demand for specimens to illustrate demonstrations to students and farmers. Hunts also are good customers ("Two hundred masks mounted this year alone"); film companies need "mounted" animals as properties; and so do some manufacturers of branded goods for purposes of display. (A rather tired-looking cow in the reception-office had been toured for a wearing year by the makers of a mechanical grooming-machine.) And then there are anglers, anxious to immortalise a great trout, salmon or monster pike of their catching—at no inconsiderable cost, these days. On this fraternity, however, the Studios impose standards of integrity which may restrict (being myself a fisherman, I nearly wrote "*must* restrict") the volume of business. "We always take a cast of the fish, before skinning," said Mr. Gerrard, looking me straight in the eye; "none of your 'blown out' mounts for us." Thinking of unlaid ghosts and some lies I have told in my time, I all but replied, in turn: "Very sad."

On one point I was reassured. Having suffered in my childhood from acquaintance with an elderly lady whose parlour was a horrid museum of pet pugs perpetuated by "stuffing," I was glad to hear Mr. Gerrard's disapproval of this branch of taxidermy. "No," he said, "artists should not pander to sentimentality, nor craftsmen neither. And then it's a 'sticky' business, which we try to discourage. Clients never satisfied—always say their darling pussy was much more beautiful or had much more character than that!" And here we reached the nub of the taxidermist's craft—the conveyance of "character." Birds, according to Mr. Gerrard, are relatively easy. Neatly eviscerated, their plumaged tegument is wrapped round an egg-shaped stuffing of wood-wool, neck and legs filled out with tow, wings and stance positioned by stiff wire. Even in the case of birds, the craftsman must have in his mind's eye the flight, poise, craning of neck and preening; but of "individuality," *teste* Edward Gerrard, there is none—not even the "character" that adheres to cock salmon or wicked pike. The real *expertise* is, of course, in the mounting of mammals. Set aside the elaborate "habitat groups" which are a feature of American museums: every beast has its own ἦθος, and in the modelling of the "manikin" on which the skin is mounted there is call for an encyclopædic knowledge of mammalia, as well as skilled fingers. Even in the case of those two hundred (1954) fox masks, each skin had its own, carefully numbered, polished skull and jaws, lest "character" in the mounting be lost or falsified.

Gruesome trade? I suppose so; but not essentially more gruesome than developing cultures in a laboratory. And taxidermy can fairly claim to be the servant of science. Pinned on a drying-board in one work-shop was the skin of an immense Bushmaster, imported for the extraction, as an anti-gangrene prophylactic, of the deadly poison from its fangs. It is recorded of Edward Gerrard II that once, between two deals at whist (his favourite game), he settled firmly the identification of an assortment of puzzling bones unearthed in the Colorado Valley and sent to College Place for expert judgment. His grandson, I surmise, would gladly cope with a similar challenge during the reckoning of a Canasta score; and craftsmen trained at No. 61 find their way to "learned" posts in "Nat. His." museums all over the Commonwealth. They tend, in their work, to specialise in fish, flesh or fowl, according to "what they have a feeling for"



# *Gossamer Strength*

IN MARCH 1941, a chemist working in a Lancashire laboratory touched a mass of molten plastic with a glass rod. As he drew the rod away, the effect he had hoped for occurred. A shining, gossamer filament was formed, which hardened in the cool air. This filament—now known as 'Terylene'—will soon be of the utmost value to Britain, for with it can be made new and wonderful fabrics of every kind; suitings, dress materials, and underwear that are at once strong, light and easy to wash, yet warm and soft. 'Terylene' is also being developed for heavy industrial fabrics and ropes, offering outstanding advantages in efficiency and economy. The immense task of developing 'Terylene' from a chemist's experiment to a fully-fledged fibre in full-scale production has been undertaken by I.C.I. Already the work of evaluation and development has cost £4,000,000 while more than £10,000,000 is being spent on the first full-scale manufacturing plant now being built at I.C.I.'s Wilton Works in North Yorkshire. This plant is planned to be completed before the end of 1954 and to come into production at the beginning of 1955, but during 1953, I.C.I. decided—such was its faith in the future of 'Terylene'—to double the size of this plant and to establish a new Fibres Headquarters making the total investment in 'Terylene' nearly £20,000,000.

Today, the 'Terylene' that reaches the shops is being manufactured by a large pilot plant at Fleetwood, on the Lancashire coast. Already the new fibre has proved its worth, and 'Terylene' shirts, socks, underwear, dress materials and sewing thread are soon sold out to an eager public whenever they appear. When 'Terylene' is in large scale production in 1955 it will give a great opportunity to the British textile industry.

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—much as a musician will choose piano or violin.

Before I took my leave, Mr. Gerrard was called to the telephone: I was alone in the courtyard, except for a live pigeon that pecked the ground outside a door beyond which a dead dozen of his destructive brothers were being mounted for the Min. of Ag. It was very quiet in the street outside—until the stillness was broken by the quick clop-clop of hooves. A milk cart or police horses at exercise, I told myself. By looking down the passage I could have discovered which it was. I didn't. I believe I was half-afraid of catching sight of the swishing black and white of trotting zebras who had no right, in nature, to be there. AYLMER VALLANCE

### THE MODEL

She was poor and she loved display,
But she was honest, her body
All she had, so every day
She displayed it arrogantly.

First her own image would show her
Behind the speckles on the glass
Unwoaded Boadicea
Or the vision amorous.

Afterwards posed in a mixed class
In front of the school's tattered drape
She seemed heroic to herself, less
Model than a fountain of shape.

During rests she would look: "That's me,
That bit. There's something of me there,"
Her dressing-gown worn carelessly
Showing breasts and a tuft of hair.

When the drawings were taken away
Part of her went with them, virtue
Was gone out of her. In some way,
Though an ignoramus, she knew

The meaning of her body, its
Historical significance,
Why a woman's nakedness fits
The mind's mould with its appearance

As nothing else does, used to fit
That is. She was once beautiful,
Later less successful. A bus hit
Her and left her there, a smashed trull

That was her triumph. The new age
Preferred the concave. Her spectre
Turned, you might say, a new art page
The rag she was, bone, hank of hair

Figured variously arranged
In all contemporary shows.
As time changes so art is changed,
But what it means to us, who knows?

JOHN ARMSTRONG

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# The Arts and Entertainment

## THE HEROISM OF CÉZANNE

SEVENTY-SEVEN works from the São Paulo Museum are now at the Tate. The collection ranges from Clouet to Modigliani and includes masterpieces by Giovanni Bellini, Hals, Chardin, Goya and Renoir. The São Paulo Museum was formed seven years ago and these pictures are only part of what has been acquired in that surprisingly short time. It would be very useful to discuss the experimental and popular aims of this museum, but unfortunately to do so requires more knowledge of the present cultural situation in Brazil than I at any rate possess. For most of us in London this show must simply be an opportunity for enjoying some great pictures. Visitors will select for themselves, but a work upon which all will surely agree is the well-known *Portrait of Madame Cézanne in Red*. If one chooses to single this picture out, almost every work in the exhibition can comment on its moving—and desperate—greatness.

First, one must look at the two Cézannes painted 20 years earlier: the life-study of a Negro and the large canvas of *Paul Alexis reading a Manuscript to Emile Zola*. Their thick paint, their use of strong tonal contrasts, their braced loaded brush gestures, all imply an ambitiousness, a tendency to temperament, an overt passion that are completely lacking in the patient, self-effacing, suppressed spirit of *The Portrait*. But that is not to say that Cézanne's achievement was simply to acquire as he grew older the will to self-discipline. There was far more to it than that. What he wanted to do, against the whole trend of his period, was to reinforce his art with a renewed sense of permanence and dignity. Cézanne himself would never have put it like that. He was suspicious of words and declared intentions because he knew only too well that "The only thing that is really difficult is to prove what one believes." But he did believe that such a renewal was essential and possible. His famous statement about "doing Poussin from Nature" means precisely that.

His early works were influenced by Manet, and if one looks at Manet's portrait of the painter Desboutin or of the lion-hunter Pertuiset, one sees that Manet stood for exactly the opposite development. Just as the forms in Manet's paintings are brilliantly rendered by his seizing upon the key-points of visual drama and contrast—never by working them out in full—so his general aim was always to seize upon the high-lit moment of eccentricity. Compare one of the Manets to the Hals portrait of a woman. Hals had a mercurial temperament but the difference is nevertheless clear; the difference between the seventeenth-century sense of the comparative stability of human values and the late nineteenth-century resort to anarchy. In front of the Hals one is moved by the immediacy of the sitter's expression, because one is reminded how she must have felt the keenness of her own life—as though one were reading a letter by her and thinking that it might have been written yesterday. In front of the Manets one's awareness of their immediacy is left high and dry; the images are like those of an amazing snapshot; on does not think of the permanence of the sitter's character—a permanence continuing to the present day—but instead wishes that one had been there.

Or compare the Manet nude with the marvellous Courbet-like early Renoir nude. The Manet represents "Art": the Bohemia of the *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*. The Renoir represents everyday nakedness. The Manet is verve and intoxication; the Renoir, through the sheer intensity of the artist's desire to be absolutely faithful to his subject, has the impact of continuous actuality. Yet Cézanne wanted to do even more than that; he wanted his work to be as actual as the Renoir *and* sublime.

The hopelessness of his aim is proved by the Goyas. Goya's portrait of the Secretary of the Inquisition hangs next to a rather dull Titian. Everything in the Goya—the Jesuitical smile that disarmingly admits weakness only to use the admission later as a weapon, the soft ruthless hands playing with their silk handkerchief, the humble but absolutely confident bedroom-slipper stance of the feet—everything *exposes*, so that when one compares this picture to the Titian—or to the Cranach portrait—one sees how the cat was out of the bag, how the game was up as far as sublime dignity was concerned. Events and the new consciousness which they created had destroyed the very concept. Delacroix had to rely on violence. Ingres (here represented by *Angelica Chained to the Rocks*) had to escape into soapy classicism. Corot, as in his most delicate portrait of *Sennegon*, had to confine himself to the intimate. Manet had to seize upon the ephemeral.

Cézanne, however, remained obstinately, heroically determined: always doubting himself before the validity of his aim. For the sure human faith and perspective that his age denied him, he substituted—perhaps with a more searching will than any other artist ever—"the concrete study of Nature." If permanence and dignity could not be supplied philosophically, then they must be found, by sitting after sitting, in the very essence of what was in front of him. His agony was the result of the fact that what he was looking for could never be completely found there. Yet, ironically, Cézanne's longing for the order of the past because it was combined, like Balzac's, with unrelenting honesty, forced him to make revolutionary discoveries about structure which still remain to be properly applied.

How nearly Cézanne fulfilled his aim becomes clear when one realises that the only work in this exhibition which can compare in strength and calmness to his portrait of his wife, is—fantastically—the Bellini *Madonna*. At what personal cost Cézanne was out of step with his own time is indicated by how profoundly his followers misunderstood him. Modigliani, for instance, took the sheerness of his shapes and used them for what Cézanne would have considered a paltry purpose. Picasso (as here in his cubist *Athlete*) accepted his comparatively easy example of analysis, but threw away his desperate, struggling example of synthesis. Cézanne was right when at the end of his life he wrote, "Perhaps I was born too early." He was born either too early or too late. And he is still alone.

JOHN BERGER

## ASPECTS OF REALITY

LUIGI PIRANDELLO and Anton Chekhov had this in common as playwrights, that their plays, given even modestly professional treatment, would always be freshly revealing, newly exciting, at times insistently beautiful. Sir John Gielgud's production of *The Cherry Orchard*, which T. C. Worsley, now on holiday, returned to last week, and the Arts Theatre's revival of *Six Characters in Search of An Author* make the two most satisfactory experiences in London at the moment.

Mr. Royston Morley, whose production of *Six Characters* this is, has no doubt wisely, since it was first designed for television performance, simplified his interpretation to a simple engagement between reality and illusion. His Characters and his Actors are embattled. They make their points clearly, they make their differences exact, they pitch their confusions neatly labelled into the audience's lap. So far as this is good, in making a "difficult" play relatively simple, the production is successful and the performances adequate.

It does, however, mean that the extra dimension in which Pirandello wrapped up his Characters with their cerebral and emotional involutions is almost completely lost. And this is particularly evident in Miss Mary Morris's playing of the Stepdaughter, the Character which sets the level of interpretation for the whole piece. Playing

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straight, aggressive, on a one-key level of nagging despair, Miss Morris with her electro-magnetic personality and conscious theatricality of movement, gesture and voice is very interesting. But she entirely loses the secondary aspects of the Stepdaughter. She never takes us back, when "acting" her part of the story through, to the feelings of the lost moment. For instance, in what should be the critical scene of the play, her seduction by the Father, there is no feel of the moment of actuality, nor any suggestion—more difficult to accomplish—of her now conscious desire to flaunt her past innocence before these new spectators.

The illusion of reality which Miss Marlene Dietrich dispels at the Café de Paris with such an equivocal air of haughty candour, is something that could have kept Pirandello up for nights, searching for an effective explanation. Explanation of what? One might as well try to "explain" the Unicorn or Aphrodite. Miss Dietrich does not move, so much as subject herself to movement. She has no use for the undulatory tricks of the modern blonde. There she is, at the top of the staircase and then at the bottom, without bringing the intermediary stages into any clear focus. She seems happy, in a secret way. Is that smile for you, or simply for herself? She is a little proud, a little condescending, a little unreal. "You don't believe it," she seems to be saying. "All right. But *certainly* you can't touch." She will sing for you some songs from her films. The diaphanous chiffon coat falls from her shoulders, a few inches; that extraordinary dress, apparently transparent, actually opaque, mesmerises: Dietrich obviously can be no more than seventeen with a body like that. No, with the spotlight full on to her indolently eager, unbeautifully lovely face, she must be older. But not much.

The voice is as you remember, not a real voice at all, low and careless, yet disciplined to bring every fault of pitch and quality to acceptable effect. Between songs, she sips water, the coat falls a few more inches, is graciously, unapologetically retrieved. The songs end. Miss Dietrich will *not* give an encore. But at last the coat comes off altogether, and then suddenly, without your knowing, she is at the top of the staircase, and gone. Real? Or total illusion? Who cares? But at last, you think, you know the secret. It is in simple understatement. Nothing was ever made quite clear at all.

DEREK MONSEY


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## LOOK AND LISTEN

SUDDEN illness, catching me away from home, marooned me far from television receiver and wireless set; and now that the ability to look and listen has returned with the appetite for cigarettes I am haunted by the programmes I did not see, as though I had missed some essential chapter in a serial-thriller. Did Mr. Iain MacCormick maintain, in *The Good Partners*, the second of his cycle of plays *The Promised Years*, the promise of his first? Did Mr. Philip Harben really show us how to cook *scampi*, or did he at the last moment substitute sprats? What felicities of tastelessness were achieved this time in *You Are There*, when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon? I shall never know. Undoubtedly I have lost a week.

Coming back to TV even after so short an absence, what has most impressed is something doubtless very naive: the power and importance of personality in the ordinary vulgar sense of the word. Personality in this sense is admittedly a suspect quality: it has nothing necessarily to do with moral excellence or with intellectual ability; and the exhibition of it may jar as many people as it pleases. Yet it exists, and for some purposes of television there is no substitute for it.

This came out strikingly in two programmes during the week under review. The first was *Press Conference*, in which H.H. The Aga Khan was interviewed by Mr. William Clark, Mr. H. V. Hodson, Mr. John Connell and Mr. Francis Williams. The Aga Khan's was a brilliant and delightful performance—but performance is the wrong word. One had the strongest impression that he was not performing at all but merely being himself; and he had his interviewers purring and eating out of his hand. What he had to say was of course interesting, as it was bound to be, coming from a man who has lived so long and played so many highly diverse parts. Yet what he said was not in itself important; one could agree or disagree, and it did not matter. Its virtue lay in the fact that it expressed quite fully the expansive personality of a man who has found life good.

The other instance occurred in the magazine programme *Panorama*. *Panorama* has always been an uneven programme; in its early days it was often almost unbelievably bad; and during its career it has changed a number of times, mainly for the better. In content, last week's programme was not remarkable: an account of the eclipse of the sun, a review of *The European Inheritance*, a discussion on Siamese twins, and a report on helicopters. What made the programme was the presence of Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, who was compering it for the first time. He was a brilliant choice and, I would think, a hazardous one. Mr. Muggeridge is a prickly personality, a mass of idiosyncrasy, who arouses in viewers and listeners, I should guess, antipathy and enthusiasm of equal violence. At the risk of gravely offending both, one might describe him roughly as the A. J. P. Taylor of the Right.

Mr. Taylor, of course, is another instance of the value of idiosyncrasy in television performers, as are such very different figures as Sir Robert Boothby, Dr. Bronowski and Mr. Harding. They come over as "characters," but also as whole men, warts and all. And the viewer's sense of their warts is all-important: they are a guarantee of the genuineness of the personality.

The vast majority of us are devoid of personality in this sense. The vivid and the anonymous: in an adequate television service both must have their place. I have often enough deplored the relative absence from our TV of any real reflection of life as it is ordinarily lived. Last week's TV was especially interesting because it gave us both the vivid and the anonymous, the latter in a little programme called *Civilian Close-up*, in which a number of viewers who had spotted themselves in a recently televised wartime documentary film were interviewed before the camera. A housewife who had been a Labour Exchange clerk, an ex-sailor, a soldier wounded on D-Day, a woman and her son bombed-out in London, a gunner-officer turned farmer, they told the story of their lives since 1944. Worries about jobs, health, above all housing, recounted in flat, undramatic, unemotional voices. It was all oddly moving. One had got beyond the politicians, the economists, the statisticians and the sociologists, and one was left with the feeling that Chesterton's people of England had spoken at last.

WILLIAM SALTER

## THE MOVIES

**"The Stranger's Hand," at the Dominion and the New Victoria**
**"About Mrs. Leslie," at the Plaza**
**"The Seekers," at the Odeon**

There is some vagueness of attribution about *The Stranger's Hand*. It appears as "Graham Greene's," yet when we look further his share remains unspecified. He didn't write the screenplay or direct. His hand is there, in characters, story, setting, and dialogue; but it is—one might say—a stranger's hand. With a few exceptions, the personal touches could all have been introduced by a close student of *The Third Man* and *The Fallen Idol*, with Venice replacing Berlin and the boy's-eye view meeting crime and excitement about the waterways; there's the employment of clinical horror, the secret service Major, the cat in the dark square. Only in the coolly sympathetic handling of villainy, which feeds on shame no less than evil and imparts a striking last image, does one detect a new stirring; and this seems to be sketched in, where it might have been worked out.

Perhaps I am taking too earnestly what is plainly in the "entertainment" category of Mr. Greene's work (whatever his precise contribution here). But *The Stranger's Hand* does wear a look of unrealised or half-realised possibilities. It also, I may add, looks remarkably well on the screen, and haunts the backwaters and slums with ominous charm. The small boy (whose father has been kidnapped), going out in search and following the magic principle of seven hops and a look round, enlarges dread, even if—as I'm afraid he is—he's only a pawn in the game. We see him where we should really see through his eyes. It's not the kid's fault (Richard O'Sullivan), any more than the failure of Trevor Howard, Valli, and Richard Basehart to do more than handsomely make their moves, reflects upon them. Mario Soldati's direction has made the most of surroundings. For whatever reason, while giving the Graham Greene stamp, Mr. Greene himself has held off; tension flags, the climaxes don't quite clinch, and characters remain distant. The exception to this is the fallen but self-torturing doctor, in the grip of a foreign power, played by Eduardo Cianelli; he attains the fatal propensities belonging to a minor Conrad character.

However, the thinness of *The Stranger's Hand* is far preferable to the sentimental padding of *About Mrs. Leslie*, one of those sagas about a sad woman that is all novelist's floss. Old couples have a sorrowful blow in store; young ones will discover that tomorrow is a wedding day; convention and love will wage their hard but interminable battle till the grey-haired smile takes over; the heroine keeps looking back, and the awful novel from which all this derives is flipped to and fro before our eyes—presumably in the triumphant mood of "Here is what we have saved you reading." Only two good things emerge from this treacle-bath: one is an occasional glimpse into the horrors of American domestic interiors, and the other is Miss Shirley Booth.

*The Seekers* reveals the early history of New Zealand, which was seriously deflected by Mr.

Jack Hawkins allowing his fancy to rove to a Maori girl. We have seen Mr. Hawkins in many difficult situations, but none perhaps so difficult as that in which he has here to confess his sin and keep his integrity. All his good work with the peaceful natives goes up in flames, into which he and his forgiving wife (Glynis Johns, who looks as though she'd have done better to stay in Earls Court) sink back gratefully from a burning roof. The Maoris, by the way, to judge from their appearance here, deserve better all round.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

**"The Masque of Demeter," at Somerville**

Fifty years ago Robert Bridges wrote *The Masque of Demeter* for Somerville students to act at the opening of their new Library: on Saturday last the Masque was revived by the present Junior Common Room, to celebrate the Library's Jubilee and the College's 75th birthday, and to inaugurate a new building fund. It was introduced by the former Principal, Margery Fry—who, as a student, had produced the original performance—and played in the garden, with Persephone carried screaming to a Hell behind the Library pillars. Perhaps the last explanations between Demeter and Persephone went on too long, but on the whole the Masque wore very well to an audience possibly less well up in classical allusions than the 1904 one, but probably more at home with fertility myths. Occasionally, the characteristic Oxford sounds of striking clocks and shunting trains were too much for the words: but Demeter, Persephone and Hermes could give points in clarity of diction to many a Regent's Park Shakespearean, and the speaking of the chorus was particularly good. Upstairs in the Library were yellowing photographs of the first performance: and, further to celebrate the day, there were special exhibitions—of Bridges' first editions, of the lace collar, microscope and other relics of the astronomer Mary Somerville after whom the college is named; and of the annotated copies of Hume, Burke, Ricardo and other books from the library of that good feminist, John Stuart Mill, given by Mill's stepdaughter to the first undenominational women's college in Oxford.

J. A. S.

# Correspondence

## THE CASE OF DR. "X"

SIR,—I was much encouraged by Critic's challenge to the relevance of the "draft-dodging" charges against Dr. Cort. The view that they are merely a pretext is supported by another case which occurred in 1953 but received no publicity.

Dr. X, an American physician of ability and standing, held an important post in an international organisation. There was no question of liability for military service, and any political activity had been modest and long ago. However, he held political and social views as advanced as those of many readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and in particular he favoured State provision of health services. For this last reason he had incurred the strong disapproval of the World Medical Association, in which the American Medical Association has great influence.

He was called to the U.S. Consulate in the city where he was living and instructed to surrender his passport. Having surrendered it, he was told that it would be returned to him only when he went back to the U.S. and that it would then be validated only to allow him to make that journey; it would not be available to leave the U.S. at a later date.

His contract with the international organisation was not renewed when it reached its normal expiry date. There was no dispute as to the value of his services, but the organisation was undoubtedly influenced in its decision by his lack of a passport and the possibility of embarrassments with the State Department. Knowing that he would not find it easy, with this cloud on his record, to get a post in his specialty in the U.S., Dr. X therefore applied for posts in Britain, to which country he could still make visits so long as he was still employed by the international organisation and held its *laissez passer*.

He attended interviews in this country and was appointed to a senior lectureship in his speciality by an interviewing committee which regarded him as a first-class candidate. When, however, he applied for Home Office permission to reside and work in England, the Home Office took the firm line that since he had no passport no permit could be given. To its considerable credit, the university did its best to persuade the Home Office to change its attitude, but it completely failed. It appeared that the State Department had made some vague and veiled accusations, which amounted to little more than that if Dr. X did return to the U.S. he might be called before one of the various "loyalty committees." The Home Office did not seem to know anything more definite than this, but it was adamant in its refusal to allow him to work in this country, and the university had to abandon its efforts, so that Dr. X returned to the U.S. after all.

The U.S. firmly refuses passports to all progressives who wish to leave its shores, and this practice of snatching back the passports of those who have succeeded in getting to Europe, so as to compel their return, is now becoming well established. It is quite reasonable to assume that Dr. Cort would have been just as vulnerable if no issue of military service had ever arisen in his case. From the case of my friend and former colleague it will be seen that the Home Secretary, though he probably welcomes the "draft-dodging" allegations as a smoke-screen, is quite capable of being illiberal without such artificial help.

JOHN KERSHAW
(*Medical Officer of Health*)
Public Health Department, Colchester.

## THE BAGANDA

SIR,—It is clearly difficult to generalise about the views of the Baganda on the deportation of Mutesa II, and about their attitude and that of the other tribes to Sir Andrew Cohen. It is particularly difficult to do so from London, since, broadly speaking, only the critics of the Governor have been vocal here, and those who are not critical come to England for reasons other than propaganda, and often cannot give their impressions in public.

A number of the expressions of opinion in your article in the issue of June 26 would not, I think, be accepted by anyone who has recently been in Uganda for long enough to meet more than a few Africans.

The Baganda are not united in defence of Mutesa II; nor indeed are the royal family. Many would like to see a new Kabaka elected. Since the chiefs informed the people that Mutesa would never return, the officers of the Protectorate Government have been received much more cordially than before. A reasonable interpretation of this fact would be that, before the chiefs spoke, many Baganda were afraid of doing or saying anything which might lead to reprisals should Mutesa return as Kabaka. I do not think anyone fears reprisals by the Governor (whom you describe as autocratic). It is probably because of this change in attitude on the part of many Baganda that the active supporters of Mutesa have intensified their campaign, as a last attempt to get him back.

Nor, in Uganda, is there any sign that Sir Andrew Cohen has lost the trust of the other tribes, as you suggest. He is received most warmly when he visits them. I heard many Africans speak enthusiastically of the development and educational schemes he has promoted or encouraged.

Probably much more should have been done earlier to inform individual Baganda of the Government case; certainly much more could usefully have been done to make sure that both sides of the case, and not only one, are stated in England.

XYZ.

## LABOUR AND E.D.C.

SIR,—*In Defence of Europe* needs a pamphlet *In Defence of Truth* to correct not only its omissions but its downright mis-statements of fact. Whoever wrote it evidently has scant respect for the decisions of Annual Conference or even of the N.E.C., and even less for the intelligence and knowledge of ordinary members of the Party. Let me give three examples of what I mean:

1. Mr. Morgan Phillips told the Margate Conference, on behalf of the N.E.C., that we should offer to abandon E.D.C. in exchange for the Russians agreeing to the unification of Germany through free elections. *In Defence of Europe* not only does not mention that this proposal was the Labour policy laid down at Margate, but condemns as immoral the idea of making such a proposal!

2. The pamphlet asserts that the terms Mr. Eden offered the Russians at the Berlin Conference were the same as those laid down at the Margate Conference. MM. Dulles, Eden and Bidault at Berlin wanted the Russians to agree that reunited Germany should be free to rearm and join E.D.C., which the Russians regard as an anti-Soviet alliance. The N.E.C., through Mr. Morgan Phillips, told the Margate Conference that Labour's policy was to drop E.D.C. and keep reunited Germany occupied and disarmed until the conclusion of a Peace Treaty that, "in the general framework of European co-operation, must provide guarantees for Germany against other Powers and, equally important, guarantees for other Powers against Germany."

3. The N.E.C., in its resolution supporting what it called "a West German contribution to European defence," said it did so "subject to the condition . . . that the arrangements must be such that German units are integrated in the defence forces in a way that would preclude the emergence again of a German military menace." The pamphlet argues that E.D.C. fulfils this condition (a very doubtful proposition). But it concludes that, even if E.D.C. falls through, we should support West German armament anyway, without guarantees. Is that Labour policy?

K. ZILLIACUS

## BEDLAM, 1954

SIR,—Your article in last week's issue, "Bedlam, 1954" impels me to write and make a suggestion in the hope that someone with influence will agree and perhaps take action. After many years' experience as a member and chairman of a Bench of Magistrates in a large industrial area, I have long felt that there should be institutions between a lunatic asylum and a prison to which one could send people who are neither certifiable nor of evil intent. I recall as an

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instance a young woman of low mentality and completely unstable, whose life consisted entirely of having illegitimate children and being punished for continuous petty thieving. She was eventually sent to prison as being the only place where she could be looked after and kept out of harm's way. She was not "bad"; just hopelessly weak, but not insane.

I suggest that homes for such as these would be a financial saving, and not an additional expense. They would save overcrowding in the prisons and might be made almost, if not quite, self-supporting. And the poor unfortunates would get the treatment they need without being herded with criminals.

Ormsby Hall, Middlesbrough. J. B. PENNYMAN

## BRITAIN'S BACKWARD AREA

SIR,—I read Aylmer Vallance's article "Britain's Backward Area" on my return from a visit to the Western Isles, where I had an opportunity of discussing the Crofting Commission's Report with crofters, doctors, priests, hotel proprietors and others. I agree with him that the problem is incapable of satisfactory solution short of a Highland Development Plan, backed by all the resources of a Government purged of landlord interests, and administered by men free from all such influences. But by ignoring everything that the crofters are doing to help themselves, he does less than justice to a fine community of men and women. For instance, on p. 70 of the Report he will find a reference to a proposal to establish a Crofters' Co-operative Society at Lochboisdale. The Society has now been formed, with results that have surprised the sceptics. Eggs, which formerly were bartered with local merchants and realised 2s a dozen less than the price at packing stations, are now being sent to the mainland, and there a guarantee of quality is being established. This is reflected in better prices to the crofters. And on the consumer side, the Society is also having some success with the supply of agricultural goods which the crofters need to buy.

As for settlers, if Scots men and women can open up places like New Zealand and Nova Scotia, how much more likely are they to re-open their own country if appealed to by a Government prepared to treat the matter as one involving the conscience and heart of the whole Scottish nation.

Stirling. ALEX MCCRINDLE

SIR,—Mr. Vallance rightly suggests the solution to the Highland problem—a Highland Development Authority with wide powers and adequate finance. However, his fear of insufficient settlers is, I submit, groundless. Surely the fact that only 22 new holdings have been created since 1940 is due to a lack of development. Indeed, I know many people now living in the south of England (and not all of them Scots) who would jump at the chance of building a life in the Highlands, provided they saw the necessary development being undertaken by the State. Recently I had an inquiry from a Kenyan who wanted to know the possibilities of farming in the Highlands of Scotland.

As for livestock, it should be remembered that the original wealth of the Scottish Highlands was beef cattle. Sheep are animals foreign to the country, and indeed, are responsible for the destruction of much of the vegetation and the spread of the choking bracken. Two successful cattle-rearing schemes are already in operation, but ranching is a scheme to be undertaken only by a man with considerable capital—or by co-operative farms financed in the beginning by a Development Authority.

But, before anything is undertaken, the confidence of the crofters must be gained. There is no use producing anything in the Highlands to-day with transport conditions as they are. Any Development Authority which did not put first and foremost the creation of an adequate system of communications would fail *ab initio*. DANIEL HOOD

Hatfield, Herts.


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## GERMAN REARMAMENT

SIR,—I quite agree with your correspondent Dr. Balogh that factual inaccuracies should not be allowed to "creep into the argument" about German rearmament. It is therefore the more regrettable that he should use uncorroborated facts about the strength of Eastern and Western German military forces purporting to show that Western Germany's are greater. If this were true, the whole context of the argument about German rearmament would be substantially altered.

But the facts, as given by the Foreign Office in reply to a Parliamentary question by Mr. Arthur Henderson on March 24, 1954, are quite the contrary. They show an Eastern German Police Force of 177,000 altogether. Of these, more than 90,000 are organised in army, air force and naval formations with 600 tanks, 250 self-propelled guns and 1,700 other guns. Another 55,000 men are in the civil police, 12,000 in the security police and 20,000 in the frontier police. This total must be compared with a West German Police Force of 110,000 men, of which 90,000 are ordinary civil police normally armed with pistols. The remaining 20,000 are divided between frontier and mobile police and are armed primarily with carbines and pistols.

No possible interpretation of these facts can suggest that Western Germany is at present militarily stronger than Eastern Germany.

DAVID GINSBURG

## EAST BENGAL

SIR,—Please permit me to point out that your comments under the caption "Crisis in East Bengal," published in your issue of June 5, are incorrect in one respect, or rather, I should say, misleading. You say that during its tenure of office the United Front Government of East Bengal indulged more in propaganda against West Pakistan than in constructive work. I am sure your informant will not be able to cite a single instance when the Government of East Bengal (or, for that matter, any East Bengal leader) did or said anything which could be construed as propaganda against West Pakistan as such. Instead, they sought the help and assistance of everyone in their efforts to ameliorate the indescribable poverty and destitution the people of East Bengal live in. On the other hand, the West Pakistan press and a few responsible Muslim League leaders, after their spectacular rout in the elections, let loose a torrent of abuse on the leaders of East Bengal, so much so that they were dubbed as "enemies of Pakistan," "Indian agents," etc., etc. Besides, two months is hardly enough time even to settle down on the saddle of administration.

The real issue involved in the political situation in Pakistan is that the Muslim League organisation has collapsed owing to internal confusion and the result of the East Bengal elections is an ample proof of that.

Ramna, Dacca, East Bengal. M. HASAN

## THE NEWEST NOVELS

SIR,—Mr. J. B. Priestley appears to have mistaken a handful of stunted trees for the wood. Surely, when he criticised young novelists for "contracting out" of society, he was not thinking of such writers as John Wyllie, Kingsley Amis and Thomas Hinde, all of whose books have been highly praised within the past year or two, and none of which remotely displayed the characteristics of which he complained. The list could certainly be extended.

Novelists are always "outside" society, to the extent of being detached from it. Does Mr. Priestley look forward to an era of literary Civil Servants? His quarrel with society is one of the novelist's motive forces—one thought that this had long been established—and if he wants little to do with it to-day, perhaps that is because it is a less congenial society than when Mr. Priestley himself began to write. Certainly this dislike does not entitle him to "contract out"; the truth is that he is being forced out.

Mr. Kingsley Amis, whose book was so highly praised last year, is completely aware of the dangers of the ignorance which Mr. Priestley attacks. "Behind these off-the-peg avowals of distaste for the modern world," he writes, "lies an ignorance of what that world is like and an unwillingness to go and find out, based on appalling conceit." Are those the words of an irresponsible writer?

BRIAN GLANVILLE

## HILAIRE BELLOC

SIR,—Your review of Hilaire Belloc's *Verse* was, perhaps, designed to provoke discussion, but I fear that little profitable discussion can occur in the terms laid down by your critic.

"Saying something in verse and writing a poem," he sagely begins, "are two different things. The better you are at the first, the more unlikely it is that you will do well at the second." A misprint? "Likely" is meant? Not at all. "Verse," he continues, "is the enemy of poetry."

Homer, Vergil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Racine, Pope, Wordsworth—the names of those who have "said something" in verse and also "done well" in poetry, span the world's literature. Indeed it is hard to think of a single great poet who has not also written large quantities of verse "in a telling and memorable way."

It is not surprising that with this premise your reviewer reaches some odd conclusions. The oddest perhaps is that Belloc is "largely unreadable."

It is arguable, no doubt, that he is too readable, that he is read by the wrong people—by me and not by you; that readability is a quality to be eschewed in an aspirant for critical attention; but the fact that Belloc *is* read is attested by the sale of his works and the profusion of quotations from them.

EVELYN WAUGH

## THE WORLD IN THE EVENING

SIR,—Mr. Angus Wilson's criticisms of inaccuracies in the American setting as described by Mr. Pritchett in his review of *The World in the Evening* are interesting in view of the fact that Mr. Wilson, in his own review of *The Night of the Hunter* in the *Observer* of June 20, seems to think that Ohio is in the "Deepest South" of the U.S.A.

T. S. STRACHAN

88 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10.

# Books in General

IF a poet has neither inherited means, nor a patron, nor a sinecure, how is his allegiance to poetry reconcilable with his bread-and-butter job? Ideally, he feels, a poet should be his own master, of sacrosanct person, and privileged to expect hospitality and maintenance wherever he goes. But since ours is not that sort of world, what is he to do? Should he die young and offer promise for performance? Or force himself upon the public by a manifesto or some even more sensational means? Or postpone the completion of his poetic career until he can retire on a pension? Or marry a rich wife? Or somehow contrive to keep bread in his mouth by finding a negligent employer, or by doing hack jobs at home? But there is a snag to all these solutions.

John Clare found the dilemma more than usually cruel. He was mouse-poor, quite without influence or connections, and though his first book of poems (1820) proved immediately successful, it sold well only because Taylor, his publisher, who had come across his work by accident, was billing him truthfully enough as an "English peasant poet." Clare became a nine days' wonder. He had clay on his boots, hayseed in his hair, genius in his eye, spoke as charmingly odd a dialect as Burns, yet had the ability to forge a neat, melodious pastoral rhyme that would not have disgraced Robert Bloomfield, William Cowper, or the celebrated William Wordsworth, self-elected High Priest of Nature. Visitors came in coaches from London to gape at this miraculous son of toil, a rival sideshow to his contemporary, the celebrated Miss Biffin who, though born without arms or legs,

> Yet was in a number of ways as expert
> As if she were able those limbs to exert.

She threaded needles and worked samplers with her lips and teeth alone (poor creature!). Clare (poor creature!) similarly transcended the disadvantages of birth, environment and education, and though his biographers suggest that he disliked the label of "Peasant Poet," that is not altogether true. He accepted it with equanimity, wrote an autobiographical poem under that title, and in his *Village Minstrel* romanticised himself as a Spenserian "Lubin":

> Young Lubin was a peasant from his birth;
> His sire a hind born to the flail and plough,
> To thump the corn out and to till the earth,
> The coarsest chance which nature's laws allow—
>
> To earn his living by a sweating brow;
> Thus Lubin's early days did rugged roll,
> And mixt in timely toil—but e'en as now,
> Ambitious prospects fired his little soul,
> And fancy soared and sung, 'bove poverty's control.

The *Village Minstrel* appeared in his second volume, which sold badly. The third and fourth volumes (1827 and 1835) were dismal failures, but not because Clare refused to cater for popular taste or make obeisance to the aristocratic Augustan tradition which had reasserted its sway at the defeat of revolutionary France. He addressed his "Oaten Reed" thus:

> Thou warble wild, of rough, rude melody,
> How oft I've woo'd thee, often thrown thee by!
>
> In many a doubtful rapture touching thee,
> Waking thy rural notes in many a sigh:
> Fearing the wise, the wealthy, proud and high,
>
> Would scorn as vain thy lowly ecstasy,
> Deeming presumptuous thy uncultur'd themes.
>
> Thus vainly courting Taste's unblemish'd eye,
> To list a simple labourer's artless dreams,

Unless a poet could take his place naturally and gracefully at a gentleman's table, cut or keep out of sight his plebeian connections, and move to Town, he might not hope for advancement. But what could be done with Clare, however untainted by Jacobinism and however obligingly he tuned his oaten reed? He had married Patty Turner, a poor illiterate fellow-villager, merely to make an honest woman of her; now lived in an insanitary cottage full of ragged, ailing brats; worked as a day labourer; and had little use for city life. The fashionable sightseers who drove to Helpstone paid no shilling entrance fee for the privilege of wasting Clare's time; they scattered a few compliments, wrinkled their noses at the sour smell of poverty and drove away again. Their visits, like his week-long rhyming fits, merely discouraged the local farmers from giving him steady employment; and agricultural conditions had never been so depressed as then. Clare slowly went to pieces under the economic strain. A fund was, indeed, raised to keep him afloat, but this proved insufficient to feed and clothe his family of seven children. And though an adequate regular income might have kept him from sinking so deep into the trough of melancholy, it would not have assuaged his loneliness. The only cure for his disease would have been the society of fellow-poets. Yet it was not until about the year 1830, when he grew weary of courting "Taste's unblemish'd eye," that he graduated as a true poet.

He had by now been granted a dream vision of the White Goddess of Poetry, and henceforth his companions should have been those who bore her seal on their brows:

> These dreams of a beautiful presence, a woman deity, gave the sublimest conceptions of beauty to my imagination; and being last night with the same presence, the lady divinity left such a vivid picture of her visits in my sleep, dreaming of dreams, that I could no longer doubt her existence. So I wrote them down to prolong the happiness of my faith in believing her my guardian genius.

But where, then, were his fellow-poets? In 1820 there had been talk of an exchange of poetic opinions between Clare and Keats, and that might have done both of them a deal of good. Keats, born a Cockney, criticised an early nature poem of Clare's by saying that "the Description too much prevailed over the sentiment"; whereas Clare wrote of Keats: "He often described Nature as she appeared to his fancies and not as he would have described her had he witnessed the things described." This meeting had never come off, and now Keats was dead, and so was Shelley; and Clare's friendships with Darley, Lamb and Cary, limited to letters and occasional visits, died away.

Clare seems to have stumbled accidentally upon the solution of his dilemma; perhaps he found it in the *Book of Samuel*, where David escaped from the Philistines by feigning madness. The best way to discourage unwelcome well-wishers was casually to identify himself with Lord Byron or with Tom Cribb, the prize-fighter; such deceitful fictions soon scattered them. But being already cut off from village society by presuming above his station, he found that the loneliness increased:

> I live here among the ignorant like a lose man in fact like one whom the rest seems careless of having anything to do with—they hardly dare talk in my company for fear I should mention them in my writings and I find more pleasure in wandering the fields than in mixing among my silent neighbours who are insensible of everything but toiling and talking of it and that to no purpose.

The distressed Patty was not his equal either in intellect or sensibility, and as an anodyne he took to deceiving himself with another sort of fiction. He contrived to believe that he was really married to Mary Joyce, a farmer's daughter four years younger than himself, with whom he had been passionately in love as a boy, but whom he had never aspired to marry. She became his pastoral Muse, the perpetual Other Woman. After the failure of his fourth book in 1835, he turned his back on reality and lived more and more in the lost world of his boyhood, peopled only by beasts, birds and Mary. In 1837, his London friends sent him to a private mental home in Epping Forest, from which he ran away in 1841; but six months later, by order of the local gentry whom he had libellously lampooned in *The Parish*, he was confined to Northampton General Lunatic Asylum, where he remained until his death in 1864.

Clare's lunacy, being self-inflicted, was only partial, as when recruits shoot off their trigger fingers rather than put bullets through their heads. It did not affect his poetic capacity—if, as it seems, he still wrote and talked certifiable nonsense merely to discourage visitors. Though he ceased from satire and such low-life ballads as *The Helpstone Statutes*, he broke quite new ground in *The Dying Child* and the a-metric *Pleasant Sounds*; and his "I am, but what I am who cares or knows?" and "I lost the Love of Heaven" are already among the recognised glories of English poetry. James Reeves, whose selection of Clare's poems* could not be bettered, and whose Introduction is a model of poetic criticism, has chosen proportionately as many from the asylum poems as from the middle period, when he first began to find himself.

How good was Clare? At his best he was very good indeed, with a natural simplicity supported by a remarkable sense of language; meant what he said, considered it well before he wrote it down, and wrote with love. When not so good, he was no worse than any other not-good poet of his time: and if most of his poems concerned Nature he had, after all, never been anything but a countryman and described only what he knew. Few things today read more tediously than the typical Countryman's Diary written for townsmen:

* *Selected Poems by John Clare.* Edited by JAMES REEVES. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Now the triangular seedpods of the great meazle ripen autumn-brown under the mellow Martinmas sun and serried companies of Turton's Wendle-trap—which the countryman readily distinguishes from the Common Wendle-trap by its ecstatic *weet-woot* and its long prehensile toe—perch on the haulms and crack the scarlet seeds with a noise like fairy artillery; while from a neighbouring coppice . . .

But though Clare wrote a great deal of descriptive verse about the nesting habits of particular birds, about wild animals and insects, and about country people as part of the landscape, he never bores me: he is always precise and technically admirable. And he had acquired the most unusual faculty of knowing exactly how and when to end a poem. His obsession with Nature made him think of a poem as a living thing, rather than an artifact or a slice cut from the cake of literature. Take these essays on the vixen and the hedgehog:

Among the taller wood with ivy hung,
The old fox plays and dances round her young.
She snuffs and barks if any passes by
And swings her tail and turns prepared to fly
. . . If any stands she runs among the poles
And barks and snaps and drives them in the holes . . .
They get all still and lie in safety sure,
And out again when everything's secure,
And start and snap at blackbirds bouncing by
To fight and catch the great white butterfly.

. . . He makes a nest and fills it full of fruit.
On the hedge bottom hunts for crabs and sloes
And whistles like a cricket as he goes.
It rolls up like a ball or shapeless log
When gipsies hunt it with their noisy dog;
I've seen it in their camps—they call it sweet,
Though black and bitter and unsavoury meat.

I find myself repeating whole poems of Clare's without having made a conscious effort to memorise them. And though it was taken as a symptom of madness that he one day confided in a visitor: "I know Gray—I know him well," I shall risk saying here, with equal affection: "I know Clare; I know him well. We have often wept together."

ROBERT GRAVES

## IN THE FIRE

When they saw how to the fire
All and everything was brought,
How the tongue and eyes and hands
Lit and dwindled and burnt out,
Naked of their mortal dream
Tallow man and woman lay,
Watching how the wicks of time
Ate their married flesh away.
Finding nothing they found all,
Who had thought the blood might prove
In a mingled circumstance
Some equation for their love.
As the place their bodies sought
Dwindled into wisps of air,
Lonely in the muscled dark,
He and she were pardoned where
Cloudy distances grew large
In between them on their bed;
So each baffled spirit found
Nothing of its ghostliness
To mortality was bound.
When they saw how to the fire
All and everything was brought,
Such sweet freedom rinsed and sang
Through their wild uncreatured thought,
Separate man and woman lay
Praising as the wicks of time
Burnt their circumstance away.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

## THE SEA AND AIR POWER

**The War at Sea 1939-45: Vol. I.** By CAPTAIN S. W. ROSKILL. *H.M.S.O.* 42*s.*

For us all wars must be naval wars. We depend on the Navy, not merely for the transport of our armies to battle, but for our very survival. Ours is the most precarious of civilisations, sustained in peace as in war by its ships and aircraft and the skill with which they are deployed. Twice in the present century, in 1917 and in 1941, we have been faced with starvation and defeat. Each time we have been able to adjust ourselves and our defences before it was too late—and each time our success was ensured largely through the intervention of the United States. In this, the first of three volumes on the naval history of the War, Captain Roskill shows how the adjustment was made in 1941; and at how bitter a cost, not only in the courage, sacrifice and ingenuity of the sailors but in their frustration, error and *ennui*, we purchased our survival.

Two faults had to be repaired in our naval policy. The first was the parsimony of the inter-war period, which left us with too few ships, and those inadequately armed. The disasters which overtook such vessels as the *Hood* and the *Repulse*, survivors from an earlier war kept in service *faute de mieux*, were, in the circumstances, only to be expected. The other fault was the underestimation, in official naval circles, of the extent to which air power had changed classical strategy; and a glance at the controversies in Service journals of the 1930s shows with what stubbornness the sailors clung to the belief that the air arm was at best an auxiliary to be used, like old-style cavalry, for reconnaissance, "fixing" and pursuit. No agreed policy for air-naval co-operation had been worked out before 1939, and relations between the Admiralty and the Air Ministry left much to be desired—though not so much as did relations between the German Navy and the Luftwaffe. Under pressure of necessity we solved our problems. The Germans did not.

The virtual theme of this book, indeed, is the advent of air power: our gradual awakening to its significance, and the growing skill which we acquired in its mastery. To do the Admirals justice, the performance of aircraft against ships was, at the outset of the war, exceedingly poor. When 29 aircraft attacked the German warships off the Kiel Canal the day after war was declared only four bombs found their targets and none of those went off. Moreover the over-confidence of Marshal Goering at Dunkirk showed that air power had its limitations. So long as the Navy had only to carry out its traditional roles under unchanged conditions its work, from the very outset of the War, was immaculate. The experience of 200 years of amphibious warfare, as well as the determination of Vice-Admiral Ramsay and the brilliant improvisations of his staff, lay behind the evacuation of Europe in May-June, 1940. But the amphibious operations in Norway did not go so smoothly. To those with eyes to see the Norwegian campaign made it clear that, unless command of the air had first been secured, "command of the sea" was a meaningless phrase. Mistakes were still made—in planning to meet the invasion, for instance, when the Home Fleet, massing to defend our shores long before the Germans had attained air superiority, left the convoys to the mercy of the U-Boats—but on the whole the lesson was quickly learned. Ships and aircraft collaborated in attacks on enemy ports; convoy protection was worked out as a joint responsibility; and the Battle of the Atlantic was eventually won by closely integrated groups of both arms under a single command. December, 1951, when Japan by the use of air power alone eliminated British and American sea power in the Pacific, opened the eyes of the blindest. A new era in maritime strategy had begun.

It is at that point, with the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*, that this volume ends. It is an admirable book. Its excellence lies not only in the thoroughness and skill with which individual actions are described, but the way in which often highly technical detail is both made intelligible to the layman and welded into a single well-shaped narrative. Captain Roskill is outspoken in his criticism of faulty organisation and incorrect decisions: neither the First Sea Lord nor Sir Winston Churchill, during his term as First Lord of the Admiralty, escape chastisement. Sir Dudley Pound took too much on to himself, left too little to the man on the spot; Sir Winston intervened in the conduct of operations, embarrassingly if not improperly. Relations between the Admiralty and the Commanders-in-Chief were not always happy and the fault, implies Captain Roskill, was not entirely with the latter. Praise comes rarely, but when it comes it carries conviction.

Few readers, however voracious their appetites, will be able to afford many of these bulky and elegant green volumes of the Official War History, but this is in a class by itself; not only for the tale it has to tell, but for the manner in which it is told.

MICHAEL HOWARD

## THE HORROR AND THE GLORY

**Graham Greene and the Heart of the Matter.** By MARIE-BÉATRICE MESNET. *Cresset Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

One has hardly been able, since the war, to pick up a French literary paper without coming across some reference to "*l'œuvre gréenien.*" Now, following on the books by Jacques Madaule and Paul Rostenne, comes Mlle Mesnet to emphasise how seriously and sympathetically Mr. Greene is regarded in France. But Mlle Mesnet has achieved the feat of writing her study—which is pithy rather than massive—in an English so perfect that only an occasional phrase, such as one about "the whole Greenian family," reminds us that the book was probably *thought* in French.

For all the criticism it contains, this is primarily a work of interpretation rather than evaluation. In approach and temper it recalls Helen Gardner's study of T. S. Eliot: and indeed Mlle Mesnet appears to be as intelligent a reader of Eliot as of Greene and, when she comes to discuss Mr. Greene's conception of God, she aptly quotes the sentences about time from *The Rock* which became the ground bass of the *Four Quartets*. Though here and there Mlle Mesnet differs from Mr. Greene in emphasis, she accepts his main assumptions about God, man, time, and destiny, and her illumination of the Greenehouse from within follows appropriately on Miss Nott's recent heaving of brickbats from outside. The last word on Greene may well be written by someone who does not share all his assumptions, but such a critic will have to understand what Greene was doing at least as well as Mlle Mesnet.

Mlle Mesnet focuses on three novels—*Brighton Rock*, *The Power and the Glory*, *The Heart of the Matter*—because she sees Pinkie, Scobie and the whisky priest as "all actors in the same tragedy, all endowed with the same essential longing for peace"; and also because "they can be identified in many respects with Greene himself, as a study of his travel-books reveals." She scrutinises the novels from the point of view of the scene, the drama, and the significance. Discussing the drab and seedy settings, she first makes the point that "Mexico, like Africa, is a state of mind," then rams home its implications: every place is important where human beings are acting out their drama of good and evil. Hell is Nelson Place as well as Golgotha; "Heaven is here," as the whisky priest said in the abandoned village. She draws out the likenesses between the protagonists, and their differences: Pinkie's sin is to lack hope ("perhaps the holy water didn't 'take' when he was christened"); Scobie's, to lack faith—"to believe that his sin is too great for God to forgive it"; what saves the whisky-priest is his humility—"he never ceases to believe in God's mercy and love and in the eternal

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character of the priesthood." Perceptively Mlle Mesnet traces the growth of what begins as "a vacancy in the heart . . . which Greene's lawless heroes vainly try to fill," to the personal God who pleads with Scobie: "There are no capital letters to separate us when we talk together." She makes good points in passing: for instance, the faint stirring of hope at the end of each novel; or Mr. Greene's refusal to pry into his characters—at the end of a book we realise how little we know about them, how impossible to judge them. And she has some sensible things to say on Mr. Greene's great—and deliberate—limitation: his inadequate notion of happiness.

With him, happiness has become a dirty word: here and there a character is doomed to be happy as to a loathsome infection. Perhaps "happiness" is too trite, perhaps we need a new word: certainly happiness in Greene's world is a blinkering, a refusal to look at evil: never the ecstasy that comes from going right through the worst to the other side, the ecstacy of the *Heiliger Dankgesang*. Natural Calvinist that he is, Mr. Greene believes that we are predestined, not so much from birth as from childhood: "There is always one moment . . . when the door opens and lets the future in." He has remained dead true to the moment when he read *The Viper of Milan* and first recognised absolute evil; so his nostalgia is always backward, for a lost Eden before the Fall. Others have been conditioned, by temperament and experience, to look the other way—through the dark to the end of the tunnel; or to find their happiness through holding both moments in the hand—the horror and the glory—and so achieving a balance between hope and despair that is always being shattered and must always be recreated.

With an almost terrifying single-mindedness Mr. Greene—and this is his particular achievement—has explored all the intricacies of one approach to love or grace. But we can never forget that it is not the only one.

JANET ADAM SMITH

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## ON THE RUN

**I Survived.** By GODFREY LIAS. *Evans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Rendezvous 127. The Diary of Madame Brusselmans.** *Benn.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Underground from Posen.** By MICHAEL DUNCAN. *Kimber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**All This and a Medal Too.** By TIM CAREW. *Constable.* 15*s.*

Are they wearing a little thin, these tales of war-time adventure? Has courage become dull? Since the tunnel, the bicycle hidden in the undergrowth, the Gestapo's knock and the bickering of prison-camp life have become situational clichés rarely redeemed by literary excellence, the stories are by this time worth the telling and selling only if they catch the light from a new angle. The first two on this list, both the experiences of foreigners, do so from the very fact of their foreignness. The second pair do not.

Godfrey Lias is an English journalist who has recast the story told to him by Pepi Germanovitch (the name is assumed), an Austrian lieutenant captured at Stalingrad and only released ten years later. Pepi told his collaborator that his main purpose was "to tear away the veil which hides the real face of the Soviet regime from the outside world." In fact he has not done so and could not do so. When you are herded from one prison-camp to another, tortured, let out on probation only to work in fields, and even when you escape to inch your way towards a distant frontier, you are in no position to tear away any veils. What did an escaping German know of England? Besides, Pepi grew rather fond of the Russians, having determined to dislike them, and the contradiction is apparent throughout the book. "Bovine" is his harshest epithet. "At every showing of a musical film, the front rows were crowded with glassy-eyed young clods watching eagerly in the hope that they would be able to see under the actresses' skirts." Such simplicity only infuriated him when he remembered his alternative attitude of Western righteousness. Every Russian, he says, thinks first of how to avoid falling foul of his Party bosses, secondly how to cheat his neighbour without being found out, and thirdly how to improve his own lot legitimately, with the result that it is not improved at all. Hundreds of thousands are transported Eastwards without protest—more bovinity—and live in conditions which shocked him, though, as he is quick to acknowledge, the Germans were no worse treated than the Russians themselves. This much veil-tearing comes from personal observation, but when he declares that the regime is still seeking to bring about world revolution (the really interesting question), his evidence is valueless. He cannot possibly know.

His story is a good story, since he had rare experiences. On his first attempt to escape he made his way to Berlin by enlisting in the Red Army, being able to speak a Russian that just passed in the welter of provincial dialects around him. He was caught near the Western frontier in a café brawl, and transported from camp to camp in central Russia, enduring at intervals painful interrogations (of which, to the credit of his modesty and an almost unnatural sense of proportion, he says remarkably little) and more infrequent idylls of love and peasant-life in the countryside of Kazakhstan. Lias met him in Vienna a few weeks after his release, and found him "rather reserved." Yet he managed to draw from him a narrative that is unusual and always interesting, even if his comments do not invariably match his experiences.

*Rendezvous* 127 is the diary of Madame Brusselmans, a much honoured Belgian lady whose house in Brussels was an important link in the escape route for Allied airmen. By itself the diary would convey little of her remarkable strength of character and courage, since her scrappy notes, written for the purpose of bare record and under constant danger of discovery, deserved more thorough revision and amplification than they have received. Sir Basil Embry's introduction does something to bring them alive: "She planned every detail with meticulous care; she was original in thought; she used great daring when necessary and she was cool in action," and, he adds later, she had great luck. A Field-Marshal's epitaph, were it not for the femininity that keeps breaking through the diary. Her terror emerges more strongly than her determination or ability, but it is exactly this, her constant fear of the patrolling Gestapo and the "false airmen" who wormed their way into the escape line, that makes her persistence so movingly heroic.

*Underground from Posen* fails only because it is published after too many other stories like it. It records an "ordinary" escape. British officers' camp in Germany, tunnel from the corner hut, earth in the hut's roof, mass-escape, four out of twenty-six reach Switzerland, on through occupied France, Pyrenees, Gibraltar. Colonel Duncan sustains well the difficult transition from tunnel-building to frontier-crossing (why do we always feel that the climax is passed when the tunnel-exit is broached?), and that is probably because he is one of the few men who actually enjoyed escaping. Having crawled under the wire out of Switzerland into France on the second stage of his journey, he writes: "The spice had come back into life. Once again I was a hunted refugee in enemy country, and I loved the feel of the cold wet grass under my fingers." That is clearly an attitude that could not be simulated in retrospect.

Almost the last words of *All this and a Medal Too* are:

> Men like us were disciples of the German writer who advocated "War for the man and woman for the returning warriot"—an admirable theory for the professional soldier who took a woman between campaigns in the manner of one who takes a corrective medicine.

It is not an isolated quotation of which Tim Carew would feel ashamed. He was the Colonel's and private soldier's dream subaltern. "All This" was India, Burma, Java and Malaya between 1942 and 1949; the medal was the Military Cross. For one so professionally tough he manages to describe professional toughness with remarkably professional skill.

NIGEL NICOLSON

## SIR PHILIP AND HIS SITUATION

**African Afterthoughts.** By SIR PHILIP MITCHELL. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Sir Philip Mitchell has an important account to give of race relations in Africa, but he has not done it in this book. It is a great pity: a more candid discussion would have thrown light on many of the dark problems which he has recently had in hand, as well as show why he is being blamed, by all too many of the Kenya settlers, for the unreal world they live in; which, in turn, would have to produce many incontrovertible instances which would show that the man on the spot does not always know best. Sir Philip served forty years in the colonial service, fourteen of them as Governor of Uganda; a wartime interlude of some two years as Governor of the Fijis and High Commissioner for the Western Pacific; then Governor of Kenya from 1944 to June, 1952—and before Mau Mau erupted there were many people in Africa (Black as well as White) who were prepared to say that he was one of the most able and honest-intentioned administrators East Africa has known. Anyone who was close to him, when he was in office, knew that he was a wise and good man, with a deep affection for the native African. Now the deluge is on him; a mob of people blaming him for their own shortcomings. In this situation (he is retired now on his farm in Kenya) Sir Philip Mitchell has conducted himself with a dignity that demands respect.

And that is what has probably handcuffed him in this book: it bears every mark of official restraint, elimination, and his desire not to embarrass those now struggling to stamp out Mau Mau. Sir Philip is no backbiter; he makes no effort to shift the blame; he says nothing about the fact that for the three most dangerous months

of its short and troubled history no new Governor was sent out to Kenya after he retired; and that for eighteen months his report lay on the desk in the Colonial Office, wherein he warned: "we (in Kenya) are confronted with an agrarian, economic, and social revolution," and suggested that a Royal Commission be sent out quickly to study this revolution "in a modern way"—in order that East Africa might not suffer as other parts of the world have done by "allowing the revolution to run its course unregulated and undirected." The sense of urgency seems to have been more lacking in London than in Nairobi.

Yet, in a book of 276 pages, Sir Philip devotes only fifty pages to his seven years in Kenya. And in these, heading his chapter on Mau Mau, its character and derivation, he devotes two whole pages to a quotation from—of all people—Graf von Götzen, Governor of German East Africa, 1901 to 1906, explaining in the cool, precise German style, why the master race had to murder 100,000 Africans in the Magi Magi rebellion. Why should it have come into Sir Philip's mind to use that quotation? You can draw your own inferences. The chapter is called "Magic and Murder."

Perhaps we expected too much? Perhaps he will one day, when he is not hampered by his self-imposed restrictions, write the great book that he is well able to write. For he writes very well. But he is a little too fond of relating how he began his career in Nyasaland "some forty years ago, before the East Africans knew the use of the wheel. . . ." That wheel! It comes into all of Sir Philip's after-dinner conversations. Well, the Africans of Kenya have not got so many wheels today; a few bicycles, perhaps. That is the basic fault of this book: it is frivolous where it is not academic. It makes a passing bow to the native African's hunger for land. Sir Philip's book is plainly a plea for a multi-racial society. But it does not go down deep to the genuine causes of native unhappiness, the psychological discontents, and the fact that, up to the immediate present, the African has been made to feel an outsider even in his own land. It does not come face to face with the bitter truth: that the gigantic task facing the White man in Africa today is to get the Black man to believe in him and his good intentions, or state that if he has not got these good intentions, then his days in Africa are numbered.

Sir Philip is a little too light-hearted, where he should be serious. Take this:

> As factories were built and business developed and more people flocked to the towns, rising prices and the lack of housing naturally caused discontent; public servants were affected as well as labour in private employment. There were petitions for revision of Civil Service salaries and a commission to examine them; strikes in the Port of Mombasa, where hard manual work was done by volunteers of all races for some days, including unloading coal, for which my aide-de-camp volunteered—I feel for the first time the Governor's A.D.C. has humped coal out of a ship in a colonial harbour!

Now who could guess, from reading that, that the state of affairs, which caused the 1947 Mombasa strike, was so serious, where unemployed casual dock-workers had to fend for themselves when ships were not in, sleeping like vagrants wherever they could find a place to lie down, that even the "house boys," some who had been with the same family of Europeans for over twenty years, walked out in sympathy without saying a word; and that the tribunal appointed to judge the conditions awarded considerably increased wages to all the Africans on Mombasa Island (except domestic servants), and ordered that decasualisation of dock labour should be immediately sought by the creation of a special pool (600-800 men) who were to be guaranteed a minimum monthly wage (40s.) "even if too few ships are in port to provide for them." Who could have any idea of what the facts were? I quote from F. S. Joelson, owner-editor of *East Africa and Rhodesia*, one of the most consistently fair writers on African affairs, who, by no stretch of the imagination, could be called unsympathetic to European enterprise in Africa. It is a long quote; but it is vitally important. The official, and wrong, version of that Mombasa strike is handed out to everybody (and too many have swallowed it):

> Some people will sharply criticise the grant of higher wages on the ground that the African will thus need to work fewer days in the month to acquire the money he needs. To that we would reply that every businessman in or from Mombasa from whom we have heard on this subject in the past couple of years has expressed the opinion that the ruling rate of wages was too low, and that all had been severely critical of the Government for its failure to accept the advice of successive commissioners who had reported conditions at the port. One warning after another had gone unheeded, and businessmen have therefore constantly expected Native discontent to express itself in a strike . . .

That is the situation in which Sir Philip's A.D.C. was "humping coal." The contrast between the two versions is all too plain. And disconcerting. Perhaps this veteran administrator is too "sold" on the White man's mission: the benefit of the European example? Seemingly, as if almost blinded by this belief, he attributes too much of the origin and character of Mau Mau to witchcraft and "black and foul mysteries," and too little to other contributory causes. He does not attempt to explain why the White man has destroyed one native way of life after another in Africa, most of them so suited to their environment, without being able to put another civilisation in their place. This last is the great question mark which hangs today over all Africa. But it would be totally unfair to Sir Philip Mitchell to criticise this book without taking into full consideration the conditions in which it was written.

NEGLEY FARSON

## AFICIONADO

**The Glass of Fashion.** By CECIL BEATON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

Fashion is a grave subject nowadays; tome after well-indexed tome appears, treating every aspect of the mystery, from clothes to corsets, manners to food. It is a nice new field for the psychologist, and has its own new generation of scholars. London boasts at least one full-blown Professor of Fashion, and I am sure you can take degrees in it in America. What we have *not* had, until now, is a survey of the fashionable world from the point of view of the ultra-fashionable person. Well, here it is. Nobody, surely, has ever been more *crême de la crême* of fashionableness, ever since the Twenties, than Mr. Cecil Beaton, nobody has had a finer nose for the *chi-chi* and the chic, nobody more success in deploying fashionable talent over the whole fashionable scene, nobody been more of an *aficionado* than he. He is the perfect person to give us an enthusiastic gallimaufry of fashionable life in our time, loving it all, never for a moment casting a cold or satirical eye; and it must be said that he has done it entertainingly and well.

Of course it is rather easy to laugh in the wrong place, and a temptation to take a priggish or censorious view; but this double-take approach makes it all the more enjoyable to the unfashionable reader, and I don't believe that Mr. Beaton would mind. He even pauses occasionally to laugh himself, when he considers what goes on within the "zany confines" of the fashion world; but his attitude is, for all that, one of informed and delighted acceptance, and that is precisely what gives his book its charm. To write persuasively one must write with love, and there is no doubt that, like Mme de Sévigné before him, he adores the mode, whether in people, manners, elegance or extravagance. He cannot define or explain fashion (who can?) but he knows it when he sees it, and observes with truth that "those who disregard it completely are the losers, for they miss the delightful multiplicity and charm of the fads that reflect our deepest psychological needs."

His scheme is an ambitious one, for he has tried to give us a bird's-eye view of fashionable taste, and the people who have followed or created it,

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over a period of fifty years, and this is a lot for one man in middle-age to remember. For this reason, the first part of the book is more of a nostalgic scrap-book than a personal view. His adoration of Edwardian style and splendour derives, he tells us, from his boyhood admiration of his Aunt Jessie, his obsession with her hats and jewels and cosmetics, his response to her infectious love of fashionable life; but his drawings of this period are, of necessity, the ghosts of old photographs, and his presentation of the scene a reconstruction from the hand of an experienced *pasticheur*. It is not until the Twenties that he comes into his own.

Here, and still more in the Thirties and Forties, he is older than the rocks among which he sits, and the deities of contemporary mythology are his friends. He is loyally determined to get them all in, doing justice to the special quality of each. So thick and fast they come at last that it is not surprising if, among so many telling passages, the drone of the gossip par is occasionally heard:

> Mrs. Vreeland's hours between the office and dinner are often given to massages, facial treatment and dress fittings, as well as to doctors, osteopaths and chiropractors, for she is a complete believer in modern medical science. At the cocktail hour in her apartment she will probably serve tea and genuine madeleines which are made by her cook, while dinner visitors may always expect the unexpected almond in the cake, or bits of orange rind in the orange compôte.

He is acute, but does not always save himself from treating the reader to an unlooked-for smile. Of Lady Cunard we read, living during the war in comparative hardship in two rooms at the Dorchester, that

> although living in a large hotel, she was immune from the more rigorous restrictions of rationing and queueing, yet she reacted like a sensitive barometer to the changes that were taking place outside her ivory tower. She moved with the times to such a degree that she labelled as "dated" much younger people whose point of view had not become adapted to the changing world.

And we are left a little bewildered by his account of Miss Elsa Maxwell's social success:

> Miss Maxwell's real ambition is never satisfied until she has made the most distinguished people appear undistinguished. To this purpose she invented many clever "stunt" parties at which members of the aristocracy of Italy, France and England, together with politicians and statesmen, were knocked off their pedestals. At her first pompous party in London, she made her self-assured guests sit on the floor and blow a feather off a sheet. One of her most publicised evenings was a "farmyard" affair, where the sophisticated friends appeared as rustics, and milked an artificial cow for champagne. Since Elsa Maxwell has more character and intelligence than many of her guests, she succeeds in her objective. The pictures that inevitably appear after each party make her victims appear wonderfully foolish.

Perhaps the most surprising fact that emerges, as one pursues one's fascinated way from page to page, is that there are so many enormously rich people still in the world. The gifts that may make a fashionable person are endlessly varied, but there is one common denominator—a colossal amount of money. You must be rich to be chic: there is no other way. Most of these fortunes seem to be French, American or South American; they are startling to read about nevertheless. It is wonderful, as Mr. Beaton observes, to think of such sumptuous activities as M. de Rédé's parties still going on in this era of the common man.

> When the frail and good-looking young Baron entertains, dozens of chefs in their tall white hats can be seen through a window as the guests mount, from the Court of Honour, the stone staircase. On these occasions the Meissen porcelain is in use, orchids and yellow roses are sprayed with artificial dew, and at intervals footmen rush forward over the parquet with the next course.

Oddly enough, this is a modest, even an endearing book. The personality which emerges is enthusiastic, affectionate, even naive at times, but nowhere self-aggrandising or conceited. It is consistently amusing, though it will hardly please the plain livers and high thinkers. Yet even they can profit by it; in sensible advice, for instance, on what, and what not, to serve for afternoon tea. And here, useful to us all, is a parting word on the wearing of flowers by men:

> Formerly a piece of maidenhair fern could be seen with a rose; nowadays, if any flower is worn at all, it is only a cornflower, or perhaps a clove carnation, without the addition of its grey, spiky foliage. And only stationmasters are forgiven a rose in the lapel.

MARGARET LANE

## NEW NOVELS

**The Fall of a Titan.** By IGOR GOUZENKO. *Cassell.* 16*s.*

**Jones, a Gentleman of Wales.** By TWM TEG. *Chapman & Hall.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**The Curate of Wakefield.** By DAVID EMERSON. *Hurst & Blackett.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Who can be happy and free in Russia? The poet's rhetorical question finds a grim and interminable echo in Mr. Gouzenko's novel, which, for his own part, the present reviewer must admit he put down with a huge sigh of relief. This grand indictment of 680 closely printed pages is a 20 lb. salmon of a book, to be landed by the reader only after hours of weary concentration, sparingly enlivened by flashes of genuine excitement. It is one great wodge of narrative, with no pretensions to style and, far more serious, no convincing interpretation of Soviet society or of its excesses.

The titan, Michael Gorin, is a thinly veiled Gorki, partly disillusioned by Stalinism, frenziedly trying not to face the fact that the revolutionary Russia of his dreams is in the grip of a far more complete tyranny than that existing under Tsar Nicholas. But the Kremlin still needs him. His integrity, his international standing must be used to bolster up faith in the regime. He must be forced to continue writing the higher propaganda. A young history professor, Feodor Novikov, is selected for the delicate assignment of keeping this grand old man of Soviet literature up to the mark. Feodor is a ruthless careerist and, if we are to believe our author, like most successful Soviet intellectuals he is a part-time member of the N.K.V.D. His struggle to bend Gorin to Stalin's sinister ends and successfully lose his own soul is the theme of Mr. Gouzenko's book.

Mr. Gouzenko was, of course, the famous cipher clerk in the Ottawa Embassy and his novel may be considered a documentary. But even as a documentary it fails, largely because the writer so completely overstates his case. The bosses are vicious, the Party a ramp, justice is rigged, the masses are blindly led by the nose. The State is the fountain of provision, and everything of which the State disposes, from food coupons to the Præsidium's plums and pickings, can only be obtained by corruption and violence. The psychological mainspring of all but the best of Mr. Gouzenko's characters is Hobbes's "perpetual and restless desire of power after power that ceaseth only in death." Pisgah has become a terrorist racket.

Of course, as an explanation this simply is not good enough. One has only to compare this book with Mr. Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* or, for that matter, with any current Stalin prize-winner (such as *Donbas*, recently reviewed in these columns) to see that Mr. Gouzenko's interpretation of the Soviet Union is at best an expatriate half-truth. Yet, strangely enough, this very intransigence of viewpoint gives the book its power. The trigger-crazed police chiefs with their degenerate children, the holocausts of political prisoners, the total espionage, the chain of rapes and revenges have all been contracted out of any kind of history, whether written by Trotsky, Professor Carr or the Voice of America. Their compulsive and cumulative effect upon the reader is nightmarish because unrelieved. They affect us in the same way as one of Sade's repetitive bad dreams.

So much for the reviewer's June holiday task. *Jones*, by contrast, provides a seasonable compensation. Biscay Jones (Tuppy to his friends) is a Welsh gentleman-thinker of independent means, a kind of Pembrokeshire M. Teste. Like Valéry's narrator, he can boast proudly, "*la bêtise n'est pas mon fort.*" At home, on his estate of Lwympsygraban, he cultivates his garden, meditating with a kind of joyous misanthropy on children, dogs, marriage, archæology and metaphysics. His aphorisms provide the connecting link for a kaleidoscopic biography and an assorted crazy set of humours. There is his wife, the lovely Blodwen Evans of Rhos Dirion, and her gushing friend, the Countess of Underblow; there is his crony, the philosopher, Professor Dump, and his saloon bar traducer, Captain Blantrash, R.N. Jones's creator engulfs us in a sea of Welsh parsons and proper names, a Cymric fantasia of massed choirs, Baptist outings and Edwardian croquet parties, the whole seasoned with a dash of neighbourly lechery. It is a wild provincial extravaganza in which subconscious uprushing echoes of Sterne and Cabell alternate with the rational merriment of Peacock. Each page brings a new and startling discovery, though sometimes the discoveries, like damp squibs, fail to touch off.

*The Curate of Wakefield* is the story of a clerical failure in the year of Trafalgar. Thomas Baldrey, a needy curate in his fifties, has been going gently downhill ever since he was sent home from Jamaica for accidentally killing a sadistic overseer in the plantations. He is without prospects, his school is failing, his house is caving in with disrepair, his wife is growing bitter and he is beginning to drink. To this context of misfortune Mr. Emerson adds a number of good ingredients: a rackety West Indian merchant, a Negro valet, a rich and mysterious Jew, an absentee vicar troubled with wind—and a murder. The story is excellently told and the dialogue is admirable. But what one chiefly admires in the book is its authenticity and discretion—two vital qualities in this kind of historical novel. Mr. Emerson is of the Meade Falkner school: for him, as for the author of *Moonfleet*, the past is sufficiently compelling in its own right and in need of no artificial high-lighting.

JOHN RAYMOND

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FREDERICK MULLER

## HUNT THE SABBATH

**The English Sunday.** By R. C. CHURCHILL. *Watts.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

American golf clubs in the 1920s, when the wireless-set was as yet a non-portable novelty, used to erect loudspeakers on the fairways so that Sunday golfers should not miss divine service. The practice had to be discontinued because it was found that hymns and psalms and swingeing sermons distracted the advertising agency, contact-men and their clients from concentrated observance of the golf ritual. This true story, whatever other significance it may have, represents a record attempt at canning and streamlining the Sabbath. It also introduces an apposite touch of confusion. Apposite because our subject, religion in England, is a notoriously confusing one. It slightly disoriented the stable Voltaire. No wonder that Mr. Churchill has written so confusing a book about it. After reading him you feel as if you had been concussed with a pew hassock.

Is the multiplicity of English Nonconformist denominations a sign of idiosyncrasy and independence, or of variegated guilt? Are there too many clergymen or too few? Are the Churches, as Mr. Churchill maintains, "at one moment complaining that their existing buildings are half empty (and) the next moment appealing for funds to build new ones"? And what about the contemporary Anglican revival? Is it limited to a few literary intellectuals or is it on the verge of proliferating?

Nobody, least of all Mr. Churchill, seems to know anything with any certainty in this most nebulous of fields except that Anglican church-attendance has declined steadily throughout this century. In 1901 it seems that more than one third of the adult (over 17) population attended church fairly regularly; whereas, in 1950, according to a Mass Observation survey, 10 to 15 per cent. attended church regularly and another 15 per cent. attended occasionally. Would you have expected such high figures for 1950? I certainly would not. I would have thought that the Nottingham vicar's estimate in his parish magazine, comparing the position today with that in 1921, was much nearer the national mark: "in 1921 the Easter offering was six times as great and the number of Sunday School pupils ten times as large." And when I arrive at the B.B.C. Listener Research Department figure of a Sunday listening congregation of six millions, I too become gravely disoriented. Mr. Churchill refuses to take this figure seriously. Most of the monster congregation, he suggests, are not attending to the service at all, much less worshipping; they are reading about Princess Margaret's hat, or serious offences in *The News of the World*.

Mr. Churchill is an only moderately militant agnostic, and a somewhat graceless one. He does not pay religion the compliment of condemning it on ethical or scientific grounds. For him it is not so much opium, or even reefers, but just fags. He titters a bit but seldom scoffs. Some of his judgments of public opinion are questionable. What, I wonder, is his evidence for "the adverse comment" directed towards some nuns on the beach at Bexhill, in the summer of 1953, who, while two schoolgirls were rescued from drowning, "contented themselves with praying on their knees for the rescue to be successful"? Many nuns, I understand, are non-swimmers, anyway. In other places, I admit, he is careful to be fair-minded towards the clergy; he is not malevolent, just inconsistent. Nor does he pay enough attention to the puritan and other social and historical roots of Sabbatarianism, to the strange psychological phenomenon of turning one day of the week into a living death. Nevertheless, his conclusion—that most of the nation are and remain inherently Protestant, and that the English Sunday will remain for many years a source of bewilderment to clergymen and rationalists alike—is indisputable, even if only another way of saying that A is A.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

## Week-end Competitions

No. 1,271

**Set by Nicholas Breakspear**

L. S. Amery writes in his autobiography that: "There was a moment, I believe, when the youthful Napoleon nearly entered the British Navy as a midshipman. . . . With his fire and genius he might well have won quick promotion, trodden *Bellerophon's* deck as captain and not as prisoner, and ended with a K.C.B. or even a Viscounty." Competitors are invited to submit a passage from a work of fiction entitled *Bonaparte R.N.*, as written by any one of the following—Conrad, Marryat, C. S. Forester, or G. A. Henty. Limit, 150 words. Entries by July 13.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,268

**Set by James Reeves**

Competitors are invited to submit an original poem or poems, hitherto unprinted, for children of any age. Form and subject unrestricted; it does not matter how short the poem is, but it must not exceed 30 lines. Good copper more acceptable than silver gilt.

**Report by James Reeves**

A first glance through the many and various entries was enough to show that I had no easy task. The judge at a horticultural show does not have to compare roses and strawberries, sweet peas and pippins. But here was everything from a jingle for toddlers to a lyric in free verse for teenagers. I realised that the phrase "original poem for children of any age" was of almost infinite application. Even after I had set aside everything that was too derivative (Belloc and Milne were the commonest influences, with Lewis Carroll, Lear, Stevenson, Kipling and Noyes as runners-up), the number of possibles left was unmanageable. Nobody helped with an entry that was a whole head and shoulders above the rest. After long pondering I award first prize of two guineas each to Glenys Roberts and Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, and a guinea each to H.F.B. and Gordon Neville. Runners-up: J. M., C. M. Walkerdine, R. D. Lan-


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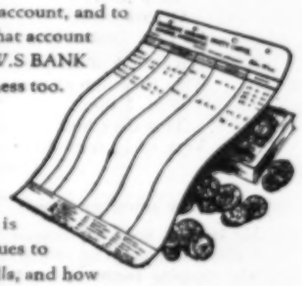

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Two penetrating studies by **Michael Foot** and **Hector McNeil** in this week's

PICTURE POST

caster, Leila Berg, P. M. Baylis, and Ruth Ainsworth. And a word of thanks to D. R. Peddy for his address to a grammar-school boy:

"You stand, Peter lad, at the delta, where the waters of learning divide.
Look up to your brothers the Moderns; the world's on the modern boy's side.
One day from some ill-paid profession, you'll perhaps look at Mike and reflect
That some barrow boys take more than Harrow boys make, though their tone may be less correct."

MARY IN THE WYCHWOOD

Mary in the wychwood
Which wood? Witch wood?
Mary in the wych wood
Played all a summer's day.

Who did she take for father?
For father? For father?
She took an oak for father
So stiff and rough and grey.

Who did she take for mother?
For mother? For mother?
She took a birch for mother
So shiny, slim and gay.

Who did she take for brother?
For brother? For brother?
The blackbird for her brother
As he swung upon his spray.

Who did she take for sister?
For sister? For sister?
The field mouse for her sister
As she scuffed the leaves away.

What did she have for dinner?
For dinner? For dinner?
She sucked the honeysuckle horns
And she ate the leaves of the may.

Mary left the wychwood
Which wood? Witch wood?
She went home to her quiet bed
At the end of a summer's day.

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COPPER SONG

As I was going by candlelight
Up the wooden stairs to bed
Stood twenty-four coppers with helmets blue
Upon each copper's head.

Good-night, good-night to all I said
But they answered—"Wait a bit,
Now where are you going by candlelight?
Just give an account of it."

said—"I am going upstairs to bed,
Policemen, if you please."
They said—"Now, don't you get up in the night,
Asking for bread and cheese.

Don't you come down before the sun
To run in the long wet grass.
If you see that none of these things are done,
Young fellow, you may pass."

So I went up the stairs by candlelight
Up the wooden stairs to bed,
Past twenty-four coppers with helmets blue
Upon each copper's head.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

THE CHINK AND THE INK

The children in China
Don't use any pens.
They've no *u's*
And no *q's*,
No *o's* and no *n's*.

In fact they've no letters
As we write them down,
But are quite
Infinite
With their verb and their noun.

They scribble with brushes,
But never make blots.
And in paint
Firm or faint
Tie their letters in knots.

Their writing on paper,
With brush and a cup,
Is not eyed
Side to side,
But read down and then up.

They read very quickly,
Construe and rehearse
Steep rows
Of their prose
Or their vertical verse.

When I think of the pages
That keep him so busy,
Well, I think
That the Chink
Very often feels dizzy.

GORDON NEVILLE

THE MOON KNIGHT

My lance is keen, my armour bright,
A crescent moon is up to-night,
The sleeping lambs lie far below,
A-tilting to the moon I'll go.

For in that silver lake there lies
A lovely spring of Paradise,
And O to lave my woe therein,
The faery moon for prize I'd win.

My lance is keen, my armour bright,
My heart will dare the foes of night,
O'er sleeping lands left far below
A-tilting to the moon I'll go.

H.F.B.

## CHESS: Comedy of Errors.

No. 248.

It may well be that "The Blessing of Errors" is a better headline for what I have to report; for, surely, most of us learn more from our errors, however disastrous, than from a triumph which, as likely as not, is merely due to the other fellow's error. So much better, then, when errors are committed on both sides, such as in a position submitted by that assiduous ladder-climber A. E. Harris. It happened in one of the minor tournaments at Hastings and, spurning the cautious but quite adequate move (31) . . . Kt-B4 Harris tried to force the issue by Q-B7; he thought (erroneously) that White's checks would soon be exhausted, but see what happened: (32) Q-Q7 ch, K-Kt1. (33) Q-Q6 ch, K-R1. (34) R-B8 ch, Kt-K1. (35) Q-Q8 ch, K-R2. Here White offered a draw, and Harris accepted with alacrity. It was only in the *post mortem*, though, that they realised that White had no need to be content with a perpetual. He could have won quite simply by (36) Kt x P ch! P x Kt. (37) R-B7 ch, etc. In the following brevity the errors were all on the side of a player taught the bitter lesson that it is never wise to snatch too many pawns, least of all from as wily an opponent as our own ladder-hero D. E. Cohen.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | P-K4 | P-K3 | (10) | Kt x BP! | Q x R |
| (2) | P-Q4 | P-Q4 | (11) | Kt-Q6 ch | K-B1 |
| (3) | Kt-QB3 | B-Kt5 | (12) | Kt x B | Q-B3 |
| (4) | B-Q3 | P-QB4 | (13) | Q-Q6 ch | K-K1 |
| (5) | Kt-B3 | P-B5 | (14) | R-Q1 | Kt-B3 |
| (6) | B-K2 | P x P | (15) | B-R3 | Kt(1)-K2 |
| (7) | Kt-Q2 | Q x P | (16) | Q-Q7 ch | K-B1 |
| (8) | O-O | B x Kt | (17) | Q-Q8 ch | Kt x Q |
| (9) | P x B | Q x QBP | (18) | R x Kt mate | |

Yet another chessbook token for this "Readers' Own" week goes to F. Gaye who (playing White in a recent Mandrake tournament), achieved this promising position.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| (14) | Kt-Kt5 | P-QR3 | | | |
| (15) | P-QR4! | P-K3 | | | |
| (16) | Q-Q4 | P-B4 | | | |
| (17) | B-B4 ch | K-R1 | (24) | R x R | R x R |
| (18) | Q-K5 | P x P | (25) | Q x P | Q-R4 |
| (19) | O-O | Kt-K1 | (26) | Q-B7 | R-K1 |
| (20) | KR-Q1 | B-Q3 | (27) | R-Q1 | Q x BP |
| (21) | Kt x B | Q x Kt | (28) | R-Q8 ch | R x R |
| (22) | R x P | Q-Kt3 ch | (29) | Q x R ch and wins. | |
| (23) | B-Kt3 | Kt-B3 | | | |

A: C. Bridle 1954

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position sent in by Bruce Hayden, who reminds me that Bridle managed to trounce Bogoljubov at Flensburg, 1947. The present position occurred in the current Surrey Championship. How did Black force the issue by one move? **B**—White to draw—and **C**—White to win—are no bargains for 6 and 7 points. They are those two distinguished authors' most recent compositions, first published in *Schach-Echo* and in *Deutsche Schachzeitung* respectively.

B: J. Krejcik 1954

C: Paul Heuäcker 1954

Usual prizes. Entries by July 12.

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 245. Set June 12

A: (1) . . . B-R3 ch., followed by Q x P ch. and B-B4 mate.
B: (1) K-B5, P-K7. (2) K-Kt4, P queens. (3) R x Q, B x R. (4) K-R3, P-Kt8 (Kt!) ch. (5) K-Kt2, Kt-K7. (6) K-B1, etc.
C: (1) B-Kt8 ch.! K x B. (2) P-B7 ch.! K-Kt2. (3) P-B8 (B!) ch., K-Kt1. (4) Kt x Q, R-Q3. (5) Kt-K7, R-Q8 ch. (6) K-B2, R-Q7 ch. (7) K-B3, R-Q6 ch. (8) K-K4, etc.
If (3) P queens, K-R2!. (4) Kt x Q, R-B8 ch.! etc.
If (2) . . . K-R1. (3) P-B8 (R!) ch., etc.
If (2) . . . K-R2, (3) P-B8 (Kt!) ch., etc.
If (1) . . . K-R1. (2) Kt x Q, R x P. (3) B-B4!! etc.

Many dropped a point or two by failing to see all the subtleties of C. Even so a good many correct solutions. Prizes shared by K. Beaumont, W. H. L. Brooking, C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

## PERSONAL

WOMAN grad. 2 chdrn. (8/7) reqs. cntry. accom. July 24-Aug. 14, exch. work. Toulson, 10 Parkfields, S.W.15. PUT. 1966.

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AU pair, German girl 17, wishes to spend holidays from August 1-Sept. 5 in English family. Prepared to look after children or do light housework. Box 9244.

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FRENCH girl graduate would teach in family in exchange for accommodation August. Box 9285.

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HAS anyone 3 vac. seats going S. France 1st 2 wks. Aug. for family attending Menton Music Festival? PRI. 9815.

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## PERSONAL—continued

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## PERSONAL—continued

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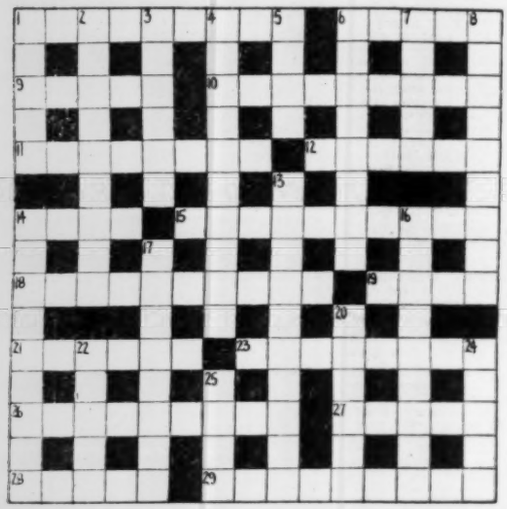
BRITISH RAILWAYS

# Week-end Crossword No. 107

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 107, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 13*



## ACROSS

1. It works by water, but may be found in dry places (9).
6. Biased view? (5).
9. Deck trouble with sailors (5).
10. Unfilial Greek? (9).
11. Fine club for a racecourse (8).
12. Shelter for the insect inside the lion (6).
14. It is wicked for a poor fellow to be penniless (4).
15. Daily to follow for sport (10).
18. The effective influence of a clever pen when a new order is introduced (10).
19. Go by and not make a call (4).
21. Relaxes a sentence, reversing it in the middle (6).
23. Inclination to write a song (8).
26. Tart: disguised in a low voice (9).
27. This giant I beat in the end (5).
28. There is a transport animal for everyone returning about morning (5).
29. —and another for thunder in force? (9).

## DOWN

1. The family makes most of the noise (5).
2. Spend carefully, but finally see the income so dissipated (9).
3. Strength is up above the latest information (6).
4. Ecclesiastical offices responsible for altering a coin's date (10).
5. "Wine, true begetter of all —— that be" (Belloc) (4).
6. Wisdom, yet peace is confounded with sin (8).
7. The historian shows part of the performance in progress (5).
8. Sums changing hands for pies (9).
13. Horses sit up sound asleep (10).
14. Halt in retreat interrupted by what sounds like an unsatisfactory victory; it is a matter of experience (9).
16. Monumental in *Othello* (9).
17. Russian about to take an initiative for modern war material (8).
20. Drink sometimes associated with the hop (6).
22. Delicious food up-country (5).
24. It may be past, but it begins in ten seconds (5).
25. Thunderous applause? (4).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 105*

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 105

*Mrs. B. A. Rogers (Derby), Mrs. D. McIlraith (Helensburgh), W. Johnson (Paris).*


## WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Ideal holiday, walking, cycling, motoring. Good food, home prod., lge. gdn. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comf. living quarters. Farm prod. El. light, log fires. C.H.W. 60 acres. 5½gns. wkly. Rushlake Green 32111.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

BETWS-y-Coed District. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 7gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

ST IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd., St. Ives.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. 'Phone Rottingdean 2614.

LAKE District, Wastwater, Scafell, Eskdale, Seascale district. Table tennis, billiards, extensive grounds. Irton Hall Hotel (lic'd.), Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

LAKES Charm, old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

KESWICK - on - Derwentwater, Highfield Vegetarian Guesthouse, The Heads, amid beaut. lake & mntn. scenery, offers friendliness, comf., 1st cl. fd. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

RYE: Simon-the-Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

BEXHILL. The Thorne, Ninfield Road (Ninfield 212). Country House, spacious grounds, near sea. Children welcome. Own produce, preserves, poultry. Homely. Recommended. Write brochure.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 8-9gns weekly, 7gns. winter.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. 32.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8gns. Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

KINGSDOWN-on-Sea, Nr. Deal, Kent. Blencathra Guest House (R.A.C. Approved), overlkg. golf course, sea; gd. food, own poultry, v. comf. 7gns. Kingsdown 225.

COUNTRY Club, Surrey Hills (Abinger 2177), lovely grounds, Anglo-Fr. cuisine. Tennis &c. Special wk-end, 65s. Fri. din.-Mon. bkfst. Moxley, Holmbury Hill, Sy.

## WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

CORNWALL, Treharrock Manor. Continental holiday now among loveliest beaches in the Celtic land of Giants and Fairies. Sun-bathing, safe golden sands, emerald pools, delightful caves. Sailing and boating in Italian-like villages. Finest surf-bathing. Salmon, trout. T.V., Billiards, T. tennis, Children's room, Golf. Open all year. Remarkably sheltered. 5 hrs. London. 9gns. except July-Sept. Few vacs. July-Aug. Superb ckg. Miss Wainewright, Port Isaac 234. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Here is an hotel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comfortable and the food is excellent. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

INTERNATIONAL Children's House: you can leave your children with us while you go abroad. 36 Mansfield Rd., Reading.

VENTNOR, Isle of Wight, guests welcome. Steephill Beacon, the house with tone, on cliffs, gates to beach, magnificent scenery, everything of the best, moderate terms; write for brochure.

ENGLISH Lakes, Birkhead Guest House, Troutbeck, Windermere. An ideal centre for a family holiday, noted for comfort and good food. Tel. Ambleside 2288.

SUMMER, autumn or week-end holidays in the Surrey Pinehills. Ideal for conferences & week-end schools. Treetops Holiday Camp, Farley Green, Guildford, Shere 107.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5-6gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Tretriw. Telephone Llanwrst 166.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac (old-world fishing village), Carn Haven Guest House. H. & c. bedrooms. Farm prod. 5½-7gns. Tel. 286.

WRITER'S wife welcomes P.G.s, cottage Fowey, Cornwall. 5-5½gns. Breakfast and evening dinner. Write Box 9216.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 6-7½gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.), St. Leonards-on-Sea. Hastings 4571.

PEAK District, Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, quiet, homely. Brochure.

RECUPERATION at Higham Health Centre in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

BELGIAN Coast: Priv. hotel with glorious sands welcomes British visitors. Homely, family atmosph.; best food; really restful holiday. Mod. terms. "Les Mouettes," Digue de Mer, 6, Wenduine. (10 mls. Ostende.)

"TO be my constant companion on every journey by road henceforth. Could any secular book be more precious?" John Connell, Evening News. "The Good Food Guide, 1954," contains recommendations by Good Food Club members of over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Published by Cassell, 5s.

## ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. Serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HOTEL Rex. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

CHARMING Bijou Guest House with private garden, within 10 mins. of the West End. Resident Housekeeper. Bed & breakfast (other meals optional), students sharing from £2 10s. per week. Doubles from £4 10s. per week. Apply Managing Agents, E.K. House, 66 Queensway, W.2. BAY. 2989.

COMF. resid. club, Hampstead, studs., yng. bus. people; T.V., dances, etc.; partial board; sharing, from 47s. 6d. Applcn. forms, 13 Belsize Ave., London, N.W.3.

FURN. dble. bed/sit.-rm., own kit., bath/W.C., con. heat. 4gns. wkly. Phone after 7 p.m. GLA. 7563. Suit 2 ladies or cple.

DIVAN-room, large, well furn., 35s. (incl. kit., gdn., all exp.), in priv. hse., to worker able afford up to 10s. personal service. Nr. Finchley Road. Details: Box 9253.

JULY/August. Room available in flat West End, £2 10s. Box 9252.

FLAT, W.1, 2 rooms, kitchen & bathroom, available July 13-Sept. 11. 4½gns. per week. Box 9396.

LARGE attractive single furn. room to let. All convens. STA. 5085 evgs.

LARGE sunny b/s. rm., use of bathroom, ckg facilities, own meter, 5 mins. Central Line, buses, near forest. Suit doctor, teacher. Whipps X area. £2 wkly. Refs. Box 9247.

TO let: single or double bed-sitting room. All conveniences, use of kitchen, 5 mins. from Notting Hill Gate tube station. 75, Ladbroke Rd., W.11. BAY. 7534.

LARGE double divan-bed-sitting room. H. & C., own meter and cooker. Woodford area. 'Phone Snaresbrook 2652.

PLEASANT small flat to let in quiet Chelsea square. 2-3 weeks from July 31. £4 per week. Box 9199.

CHARMING furnished flat for single person in West End London, for one year or longer. Moderate rent. For particulars, telephone CUN. 2109 between 9 and 11 a.m.

BOOK critic and wife offer single room. Pleasant home. Young person preferred. 45s. 6d. p.w. HAMpstead 8109.

HIGHGATE Village. Sgl. furn. rm. Newly dec. S/C flat. Quiet tenant. Gent pref. 37s. 6d. 1 min. buses. MOU. 6471.

MAGNIFICENT sgle. rm., 23×15, £3 3s. incl. cleaning, use k., bath., gas, C.H.W., bed-lin., milk-frig. Elec. fire check. met. Perm. Prof. woman. MAI. 5267.

SUNNY sgle. div.-rm. Gas-ring, Ascot. 2 mn. Fin Rd./Ham. Hth. 2gns. HAM. 9830.

LONDON, W.1. Quiet, attractive room, 3gns. 4th floor, ckg. fac., lady. Box 9274.

HIGHGATE Woods. Beautiful divan-rms. £3 dble., 2gns. sgle., healthy convenient position. Refs. exchanged. TUDor 8207 after 6.

## ACCOMMODATION—continued

N.W.8. Large single divan-room, fitted basin, all conveniences for business person. Linen, no service. 50s. MAI. 2600.

N.W.3. Furn. sgle. rm., every con., 32s. 6d. Lady pref. Continental house. PRI. 3560.

PLEASANT sgle. divan-room w. basin, £2. Near Finchley Rd. Station. MAI. 4306.

TO let, single and double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

FURN. House, S.E. London. 12 months. From August. £4 10s. p.w. Box 9385.

LARGE bed-sitting room, cooker; 10 mins. centre. CUN. 6959 evenings.

BED-sit. rm., priv. flat, H. & C. bus., bfst., 1 min. Fin. Rd. Stn. 12 Canfield Gdns., 5 Stirling Mans., N.W.6. MAI. 0157.

GOLDERS Green. Quiet tenant(s) required for two newly contemporarily furnished rooms. (Graduate Landlords.) MEA. 2280.

TO let: Modern S/C furn. flatlet, W.1, 4 gns. p.w. Min. 6 months. MUS. 6381.

SPACIOUS bed-sit., concealed basin, service, quiet rd. betw. Swiss Cottage and Abbey Rd. £2 17s. 6d. MAI. 2954/2496.

TO let, furn./semi-furn. medium-sized room, kit., bath, poss. 2nd rm. later, 3rd floor. Regent's Park area. 45s. Box 9318.

DOUBLE furnished divan-room, service, linen, laundry, constant hot, use of 'phone, cooking facilities. 1st flr., front. £3. 1 min. Belsize Park Underground. Slade, 27 Howitt Road, N.W.3. PRI. 8291.

LOVELY furn. sgle. flat, redec., Hampstead. Own 'phone, kit., bthrm. MAI. 2821.

SUNNY newly decorated divan-room, use kit., couple's flat, N.8. Conven. West End. 35s. p.w. to congenial male. Box 9322.

ATTRAC. furn. rms. in writer's Hampstead house. Cooking facs. Nr. Tube. 50s. and 55s. PRI. 0029.

PLEASANT furn. room, view Park. Reasonable charge. 'Phone MAC. 6916.

BATTLE, Sussex. 2-rmd. furn. suite. Own bath & kitchenette. Priv. house. 5 gns. wkly. Min. 3 months. No children or pets. Suit quiet gentlefolk. Box 9347.

BUNGALOW for 4, Hindhead district. Near shops, buses. Water, elec., Elsan, garden. Aug. 1, 6 wks. or part. 3gns. Box 8988.

CORNISH farm cottage, 5 rms., 3 miles Perranporth. Furn., Calor gas, 5 gns.—Apply Parker, Callestick Farm, Truro.

NORFOLK Coast, rural, secluded, well-equipped, all-electric holiday accommodation, for parties of four or eight persons, vacant July 3 to 31. 89 King St., Norwich.

PEMBROKESHIRE. River. Self-contained flat on housebount. All coaveniences, family/party of four. Quiet. Convenient. Marshall, The Quay, Haverfordwest.

EXCHANGE large rent-controlled unf. s.c. sunny 3-room flat, S.W.7, for similar 2-roomed, S.W.1/3/7. Box 9366.

QUIET m. couple, expecting baby Oct., seek furn./part-furn. rooms N.W. Lon. Willing to baby-sit, etc. Gray, GLA. 1543.

PLEASE, someone lend or very small rent bungalow, cottage, Midlands, South, Sea, clergyman. July 29-Aug. 19. Family 4 adults. Box 9297.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.*

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Director of the Department of Social Work. This Department conducts a two-year course of professional training for social work, leading to a Diploma in Social Work which from March, 1955, will be postgraduate. Applicants should be persons of standing in one of the social sciences, preferably with some knowledge in the field of social administration. Duties will include the immediate detailed supervision of the academic parts of the diploma course, research in the field of social work, and teaching. The Department has a Senior Lecturer as supervisor of professional training who will assist the Director in the general administration of the Department and who will be in immediate control of the professional aspects of the course both within the University and in the community. The salary of the Director will be £A1,950 per annum and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Finance is available for home purchase under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in Australia and London, is July 31, 1954.

HYDERABAD Public School, India, requires Principal and a Housemaster to take up appointment at beginning of 1955. Principal should preferably hold degree in Mathematics or in Science with Chemistry or, alternatively, in Literature. Housemaster should preferably hold degree in Literature or, alternatively, in Mathematics or in Science with Chemistry. He should have experience of duties of a Housemaster in an English Public School and should be unmarried. Pay: Principal, Rs.1500 a month (£1,350 per annum). Housemaster, Rs.1000 a month (£900 per annum). Contract for three years. Free unfurnished accommodation. Free passage to and from India. Provident Fund. Further particulars and forms of application on request, quoting 9/20D, from High Commission of India, General Dept., Aldwych, London, W.C.2. Last date for receipt of applics. July 26.

THE Durham Colleges in the University of Durham. Board for Extra - Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Temporary Staff Tutor for Extra-Mural Studies. The appointment will date from September 1, 1954, or such other date as may be arranged. The salary attaching to the appointment will be £500 per annum together with the benefits of the F.S.S.U. Scheme and Family Allowances. The Staff Tutor will be required to teach one or more of the following subjects: Economics, Industrial Relations, Sociology. Applications (three copies), stating subjects offered and giving the names of three persons to whom reference may be made should be sent not later than July 10 to the Secretary, 38 North Bailey, Durham, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

LONDON Co-operative Society, Ltd., Education Department. Applications are invited for the post of Education Organiser. Applicants should be experienced in organising all forms of adult education, while the duties will also include some work in the youth and cultural sections, and the preparation of appropriate reports, etc. A sound knowledge of the Co-operative Movement is essential. Salary £500 p.a. × £20 to £600, point of entry to the scale being determined by experience and qualifications. Further particulars and application forms from the Education Secretary, 34 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Closing date for applications July 14.

TRAINED Junior Teacher with experience required September for Independent Junior School, boys and girls. Opportunity to take active part in development of school. Burnham scale. Apply Headmistress, Junior House School, Saffron Walden, Essex.

HOUSEMISTRESS wanted, owing to retirement, in September or January; part-time teaching; boarding school experience if possible. Free board and residence and full Burnham Scale (addition if house experience). Apply Head Mistress, St. Felix School, Southwold, Suffolk.

LADY Housekeeper required at The Mount School, York—a Boarding School of 240 girls under the management of the Society of Friends. Adequate training and good experience essential. Initial salary not less than £350 per annum, with free board and residence. The person appointed will be required to take up her duties during September, 1954. Applications with copies of testimonials to be sent before July 7 to the Bursar, The Mount School, York, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

BIOGRAPHER required to write history of a business, including life and background of its founder. Should appeal to young English, History, or Economics graduate aspiring to be an author. Will those interested please write, giving brief details of qualifications and other relevant information, Box 9117.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CORPORATION of Glasgow. Art Galleries and Museums. Appointment of Curator of the Department of Art. Applications are invited for the position of Curator of the Department of Art in the Art Galleries and Museums, Kelvingrove, Glasgow. Preference will be given to candidates holding a University Degree or with some experience in an Art Gallery. Ability to organise exhibitions and to give popular lectures will also be an advantage. The salary scale is £810 × £40 – £1,010. The post is superannuable subject to medical examination. Applications marked on the envelope "Curator of the Department of Art" with copies of three recent testimonials should be lodged with me by July 31, 1954. William Kerr, Town Clerk, City Chambers, Glasgow.

B.B.C. requires Religious Broadcasting Assistant, Television, in London. Duties: to contribute to work of Religious Broadcasting Department in planning and arranging religious programmes, including religious services, to be broadcast in Television Service, and to assist in their production. Ordination to Anglican Ministry and ability and willingness to work with members of other denominations essential. Experience in use of some aspect of visual presentation of Christian religion desirable. Age preferably between 30 and 40. Appointment initially for period of 15 months at salary £870 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional). Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 291 N.S. & N.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Sub-editors in News Division. Good education and journalistic experience, including good sub-editorial training essential. Work involves accurate condensation of news of all kinds for use in B.B.C. news periods. Day and night shift duty. Salary £870 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 290, N.S. & N. should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1, within 5 days.

EAST Suffolk County Council. Borough of Lowestoft Committee for Education. Applications are invited from suitably trained and experienced men and women for the post of Warden to the North Lowestoft Youth Club and Evening Institute. The Club has its own adequate premises for informal groups and other activities. The formal classes of the Evening Institute are held in school premises nearby. The post is an extension of the work of a Youth Club Leader and offers wide opportunities for development of informal education. A small flat is available for the Warden on the club premises. Salary according to the Burnham Scale for Teachers. Further particulars and application form can be obtained from the Borough Education Officer, 49 High Street, Lowestoft, to whom this should be returned within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the temporary posts for Senior Research Worker and Research Worker on the staff of the Director of an investigation sponsored by the Nuffield Foundation. Candidates must have qualifications in either Psychology or Sociology and experience in one of these subjects or in teaching. They must be well-versed in survey techniques and be able to write clear and informative reports. For the senior post some knowledge of administration will an additional recommendation. The investigation commences work on October 1, 1954, and appointments will be for two years from that date. Headquarters will be in London but the staff may be called upon to do some travelling within Great Britain. Salaries: (a) for the Senior Research Worker, £900 p.a. and (b) for the Research Worker, £600 p.a. Applications together with names 2 refs. to Director, Nuffield Foundation, Nuffield Lodge, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

SURREY Education Committee. Appointment of Full-time Youth Club Leader. Applications are invited from experienced men or women who hold a Certificate of Training for the post of full-time Club Leader at The Abbey Barn Youth Club (Mixed), Chertsey. Salary Scale at present £425 × £25 – £600 (men); £390 × £20 – £550 (women). Applications submitted in response to previous advertisement will also be considered. Application forms and particulars obtainable on receipt of S.A.E. from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, to whom completed forms should be returned by July 10, 1954.

SENIOR Psychiatric Social Worker, Class I (in sole charge) reqd. for 5 sessions p. wk. Whitley sal. sc. & cond. Applns., stating age, full details training & exp., names 2 refs., to Secy., Bd. of Govrs., Hammersmith Hospital, Du Cane Rd., W.12, by July 10.

THE Workers' Educational Association, South Wales District. Applications are invited for the post of Organiser in connection with the pilot scheme for intensive development of trade union education in the Neath—Port Talbot—Bridgend area. Salary scale £500 to £600 a year. Forms of application with conditions of appointment and details of the pilot scheme may be obtained from the District Secretary, W.E.A., 52 Charles Street, Cardiff.

TEMPORARY Flag Day organiser required, August, for Princess Elizabeth Day (September 25). Full particulars Box 9153

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE London Police Court Mission requires: (a) a Warden of exceptional ability and experience and possessing a real sense of vocation for High Beech, an Approved Probation Home situated near Redhill, Surrey. The Home is for thirty-five boys aged 15-18 and has departments for schoolroom teaching, gardening and carpentry. Applicants should have good educational qualifications and wide experience, including residential work with youths of this age. Teaching qualifications are an added advantage. The salary will not be less than £525 p.a. less £108 p.a. for residential emoluments. An excellent flat is available. (b) A Matron for High Beech, who is able to make a real contribution to the welfare of the boys. Duties will include catering and supervision of all household and domestic work; some knowledge of first aid desirable. Salary on the scale £350 × £15 – £440 p.a. less £108 p.a. for residential emoluments—initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications for the posts of Warden and Matron, stating age, education and experience, together with the names of three referees, to Sec., High Beech Committee, 2 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

FURNISHING Fabrics. Well-known textile manufacturers specialising in furnishing fabrics of the better quality and design, are keen to meet a man who could interest architects, interior and industrial designers and consultants, transport and shipping companies, furniture manufacturers and the like in their fabrics. Sales through the usual retail channels are already adequately covered. The initial qualifications would seem to be: (1) a forceful and assured personality, not necessarily of the conventional salesman type, (2) good taste and a sound knowledge of period and contemporary architecture and interior design, (3) some commercial experience. Age is not important but presumably would be between 30 and 45. The job would be based on London; would be well-paid in any case; offers considerable opportunities, and, to the right man, could prove extremely rewarding. W.K. 235, 10 Hertford Street, London, W.1.

HOLIDAY post. Possibility of similar permanency. House mother, 18 children. Sea front, S. Devon. Necessary: love of children, ability supervise staff. "431," Smith's Library, Newton Abbot.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

FAMILY Planning Clinic. Superintendent, married woman. Responsible varied work. Organis. experience. 35 hr. wk. Some evg. work. No Sats. Com. sal. £450. Box 9165.

ASSIST. Matron, also Housemother reqd. for Sarah Lask Children's Home, Manchester, catering for healthy short stay children. Congenial post. Matron, 38 St. Mary's Rd., Manchester, 8. Tel. Cheetham Hill 2058.

VACANCIES exist in Missionary Publishing House for (a) Editor and Production Manager, (b) Promotion Secretary. Applications giving age, education, experience, salary desired and church affiliation, should be addressed to Box 9302.

ENERGETIC Representative, man or woman, part-time, to sell advertisement space in high-class monthly selling overseas. £300 to £600 a year or more can be earned according to results. Enterprising person interested in ideas most likely to succeed. Write Box 9325.

FREE secretarial training and residence offered to women Modern Languages graduates in return some teaching and supervisory duties. Sept., 1954. Box 9363.

MARIONETTE Operator wanted for 9 weeks from July 11.—Box 9278.

MAN or woman required, capable of running an agency. Evenings, BAL. 7942.

MEDICAL Secretary for Children's Psychiatric Department, the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Rd., London, E.2. Working for Doctors, Psychologists, and Psychiatric Social Workers. Shorthand and typing essential. Superannuable post on scale £305 p.a. (age 21) rising to £415 p.a. with possible additions to the commencing salary. Applics. stating age & exper. to Secretary.

SHORTHAND-typist required, 25 years or over, for Trade Union office. King's Cross area. 3 weeks annual holiday. Superannuation scheme. Write giving details of salary required and experience to Box 9353.

SECRETARIAL assist. wanted. Typing & sh./hd. reqd. Interesting job, good prospects. 5gns. p.w., 5 days. Box 9262.

BRITISH Actors' Equity Association requires a shorthand-typist. Application forms and particulars from General Secretary, 8 Harley St., London, W.1.

PUBLISHERS require part-time shorthand-typist secretary. Box 9309.

ST. STEPHEN'S Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1, & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (near Victoria Station), welcomes temporary sh./typists & copy typists. Short hours. No Sats. Up to £7 10s. p.w.

CHAMBERMAID or Housemaid-Waitress reqd., Cornish country house hotel; own rm., pleasant conditions. Box 9321.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SHORTHAND-Typist required by Design Research Unit. Salary £6 10s. Apply in writing to 37, Park St., London, W.1.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

TEMPORARY Shorthand and Copy Typists wanted for interesting work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

OVERSEAS Jobs—excellent rate of pay. Write for particulars of our guaranteed Job List. Universal Vacancies, 28 Hillgate Street, London, W.8.

COOK-General required, used to private service, for good-class country house hotel, own room, good conditions. Cornwall. Box 9320

THEATRICAL Producer (bachelor) requires resident maid or manservant (preferably Italian-speaking) to assist Italian housekeeper in his Kensington home. £3 a week. References essential. Please ring PARK 8141.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ACCOUNTANT, 46, wide interests, sks. admin. post, school or college. Bursar, sec./similar. Suggestions welc. Box 9204.

CULTURED capable widow speaking French, German Czech, English, reqs. position housekeeper/companion. Box 9158.

WOMAN, 32, expd sec. good speeds, wants living in post wh. child 5 welcd. Gen. interests arts, educ. etc. Box 8892.

LONDON. Lady, secretarial experience, sks. part-time work. Responsible correspondent, good French. WEL. 5630. Box 9212.

YOUNG woman—intelligent, decorative, wide cultural interests lit., music, particularly requires work with some free time; irregular hours possible. Box 9127.

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## ENTERTAINMENTS

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UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.30. (Membership 2s. 6d. p.a.)

CASINO. GER. 6877. M./F. 7.45. S. 2.30 & 8.30. W. 2.30. Moscow State Puppet Theatre Co. Director: Sergei Obraztsov.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. 10.30 (Sun. 9.30). "Late Night Party." Dancing till 12.

TOYNBEE Hall Theatre, nr Aldgate, E.1. 7.30, July 1, 2 & 3. Marlowe's "Jew of Malta." "It is all uproariously funny"—The Times.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until July 11. Jacques Tati in "Jour de Fête" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank, WAT. 3232. Sat., July 3. Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas in "Theodora Goes Wild" (A). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., July 4, 7.30. "La Minute de Verite" (A) France.

I.C.A., Dancing to Dave Stevens Trio, 8-11 p.m. Saturday, July 3 at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Members 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

WORKERS' Music Assoc. Garden Party. 2.30 Sat. July 3. 14 Kensington Sq. W.8. Recitals, puppets, children's choir, sideshows.

## CONCERTS

GERALD Finzi. Ceremonial Ode for St. Cecilia; Dies Natalis; Grand Fantasia & Toccata (1st London perf.); Intimations of Immortality. London Symphony Orchestra, B.B.C. Choral Society, Richard Lewis, Peter Katin. Cond. John Russell. Royal Festival Hall, Thur., July 8, at 8. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

BALLADS & Blues at Royal Festival Hall, Mon., July 5, at 8 p.m. Work songs, blues, calypsos, folk-jazz by Ewan MacColl, A. L. Lloyd, Isla Cameron, Ken Colyer's Band & other stars. Tickets 1s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. from Hall, Agencies or People's Press Printing Society, 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

## EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

GIORGIO Morandi. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings & Prints. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till July 24. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

ITALIAN Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Show Window of Italian Contemporary Art: first Exhibition: 9 painters from Rome. May 25-July 10. Mon.-Fri., 10-1; 2.30-8; Sat. 10-1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Recent paintings by Fahr-el-Nissa Zeid. Private View to be opened by Roland Penrose, 5 p.m., Friday, July 9, in the presence of the artist.

GOYA. An exhibition of Drawings, Etchings & Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 25. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8 (Tues., July 6, 10-5), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat., 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Claude Monet (1840-1926) in aid of The British Empire Cancer Campaign. Adm. 2s., Students 1s. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

THE Adams Gallery 24 Davies St., W.1. Selections from Paris Studios.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New Paintings & Drawings by Alan Reynolds; First Exhibition of Paintings by Jack Taylor. 10-1, Sat. 10-6. Closes July 3.

MASTERPIECES from Sao Paulo. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Aug. 15. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Jack Smith. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George's St., W.1. Francis Bacon paintings, William Scott drawings. Until July 16.

SCANDINAVIAN Exhib.: New Designs of Furniture, Fabrics, Pottery, Glass, Metal Ware. Heal & Son, 196 Tott. Ct. Rd., W.1.

WEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

LONDON Streets and Squares. An exhibition of paintings, drawings and prints. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., London, W.1.

"PEOPLE in Pictures": Figurative paintings of four centuries, at the Arcade Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W.1.

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## EXHIBITIONS—continued

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. At 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free. At The Wellcome Research Institution, 183-193 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibition: The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Daily (Sat. & Sun. exc.) 10-5. Admission free.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1s. 3d., Children 9d.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Parallels in Modern Painting.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

NATIONAL Book League. July events at 7 Albemarle St., W.1 (HYDe Park 9001). July 7, 12.30 p.m., Fork Lunch to meet Prof. Alan Downer, of Princeton, and Mr. Robert Metzdorff, Yale's Curator of Manuscripts. Chairman: Mrs. E. M. Diamond. Members 3s. 6d., non-members 4s. 6d. (including refreshments). July 7, 6.30 p.m., Enid Starkie on "Rimbaud, 1854-1954." Chairman: Sir Harold Nicolson. Members 2s., non-members 3s. (including refreshments from 5.30 p.m.). July 21, 6.30 p.m., Will Carter, Vivian Ridler and Hans Schmoller will discuss the design of some recent books. Chairman: David Bland. Members 2s., non-members 3s. (including refreshments from 5.30 p.m.). July 22, 12.30 p.m., Fork Lunch to meet Phyllis Bentley. Chairman: Miss E. I. Santoro. Members 3s. 6d., non-members 4s. 6d. (including refreshments). August 10, 7.30 p.m., "W. H. Auden," talk with readings by Terence Tiller. Chairman: W. A. Taylor. Members 1s., non-members 2s.

MUSIQUE Concrète. Examples of this new technique in the treatment of recorded sound and French films, with Musique Concrète by Pierre Henri. First London presentation. Programme introduced by M. Tony Mayer, Cultural Attaché of French Embassy, at I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1., Friday, July 9, 8.15 p.m. Members free. Guests 5s. Membership invited.

"NATIONAL Parks and Pleasure Grounds." Open Disc. led by Arthur Blenkinsop, M.P. St. Anne's Ch. Hse., 57 Dean St., W.1. Mon., July 5, 7.30. B.W.S.A. Mems. 1s. Ors. 1s. 6d. (Half-price L.O.Y., Students.)

P.P.U. Religion Commission. 3.30 p.m., Sunday, July 4. Studio, 29 Addison Ave., W.11. (Nr. Holland Park Stn.). Sufi Service. Discrse.: Miss L. Hayat Bouman.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public Lecture, 8.15, Fri., July 9. Dr. Arnold Bake: "Words and Melody in Indian Music" (Illustrated). 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., July 4. J. Hutton Hynd, "Freedom of Speech in the U.S.A." Adm. free.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, July 2. H. Hellmann, "German Re-armament." Friday, July 9. Miss V. Sinha, "Living."

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture, 6.30, Wed., July 7. "St. Josophat: The Buddha in Mediæval Christian Legend"; Mr. R. Percheron.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Humanism Abroad." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., July 4 at 6.30 p.m.

"LYSENKO and Soviet Genetics." Talk by scientist. 2 White Court, Platt's Lane, N.W.3. 8 p.m. Tuesday, July 6. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

"BRITAIN and the Colonies"—Hear Palme Dutt and John Horner at the Hampstead Town Hall, July 2, 8 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 10 at 6 p.m., Mr. R. J. Quinault: "English by Radio."

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesday, 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for July 6: "Yoga in Outline." Arranged by Shanti-Sadan. Admission free.

PYTHAGOREAN Society Lecture: Eminent Surgeon on "Divine Healing" at Caxton Hall, 7.30. July 8.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Mr. Harold Pollins on "A Community in Transition"—the report of a sociological survey in S.W. Wales. Horse Shoe Hotel, Tott. Court Rd., W.1 (next Dominion Th.), Mon., July 5, 8 p.m. Vis. 2s. 6d.

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## SUMMER SCHOOLS

FILM School: Write to 4 Gt. Russell St., or tel. MUS. 0581 for broch. of British Film Institute Film School in Scotland, Aug. 15-28, to coincide with the Edinburgh Festival.

## SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

FABIAN Summer Schools: Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, Surrey, July 31/August 7; Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey, August 14/21. Details from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

YORK Summer School. "The History of English Architecture." St. John's College, York, August 14 to 21, 1954. A general survey of the development of English architecture from the earliest times to the present day, illustrated by visits to notable buildings in and near York. Individual bed-sitting rooms in modern building. Inclusive fee: 8gns. Prospectus available from: The Secretary, St. Anthony's Hall, York.

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Courses at the Wiltshire Residential College. Week July 26-Aug. 1: "The Claims of Biography." A discussion of some modern biographies and the popularity of the literary form. Aug. 2-8: "The World Since 1930." A review of books, plays, pictures and music produced in the last 20 years. Aug. 9-15: "The Middle Class Family." A discussion of the middle class today. Aug. 16-22: "Wiltshire and the West." Local Archæology, History and Geology, with visits to places of interest. Sept. 6-12: "The Study of Mankind." From the primitive tribe to man in modern industrial conditions. On these courses children are cared for in a tented camp. Full prog. from Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

VIENNA University Summer School, July 15, August 12, September 10. Experienced Professors lecture on German Language and Literature for Beginners and Advanced. Academic qualification not essential. Enqs.: Four Seasons Travel, Ltd., 49 Dover St., London, W.1. GRO. 7853. (Representatives in the U.K.)

THINKERS' Holiday Organization. 1954 Summer School, New Forest. "Religion in the Atomic Age"—a critical analysis. July 31-August 6: "Religion and Modern Science." Prof. L. Arnaud Reid, Dr. P. E. Hodgson, Prof. H. Levy, Prof. H. D. Lewis, Prof. H. H. Price, Canon C. E. Raven, D. A. Routh, Dr. R. H. Thouless. August 7-14: "Religion in Relation to Modern Ethical and Social Problems." Prof. A. J. Ayer, A. Basu, H. J. Blackham, P. Leon, Prof. H. D. Lewis, A. C. MacIntyre, Maung Maung Ji, Dr. Zwi Werblowsky, the Iman of Shah Jehan Mosque. Full social programme—excursions, dances, sport, etc. For details apply to The Secretary, 4 Cranley Gdns., London, S.W.7. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

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## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

TALKS at Washington—What lies behind them? Read R. P. D. in the July "Labour Monthly." Also: Guatemala (Andrew Boyd); Geneva (Questor). 1s. 6d. all agents. Or 9s. half year's sub. from 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"IN Defence of European Peace," a reply to the defence of German Rearmament by Ben Parkin, M.P., 4d. (postage 1½d. extra). Union of Democratic Control, 21 Strutton Ground, London, S.W.1. Publ. July 5.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in five languages, Pages for Practice, "Translator's Commentary," Competitions and articles. 1s. monthly from newsagents, or 13s. 6d. yrly., including postage to any country, from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

"THE Prince Philip Story" in the current issue of "Reader's Review" raises a question that only you can answer. From newsagents, or 1s. 9d. post free from 140, Salisbury Square House, E.C.4.

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SECONDHAND Books. Cat. No. 38 ready. History, Science, etc. Weatherhead, 58 Kingsbury Square, Aylesbury.

RESEARCH Communications: 4th Paper & Bulletin (incl. "Sex in the West") available now from Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

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